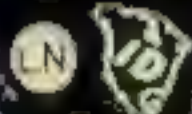


HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

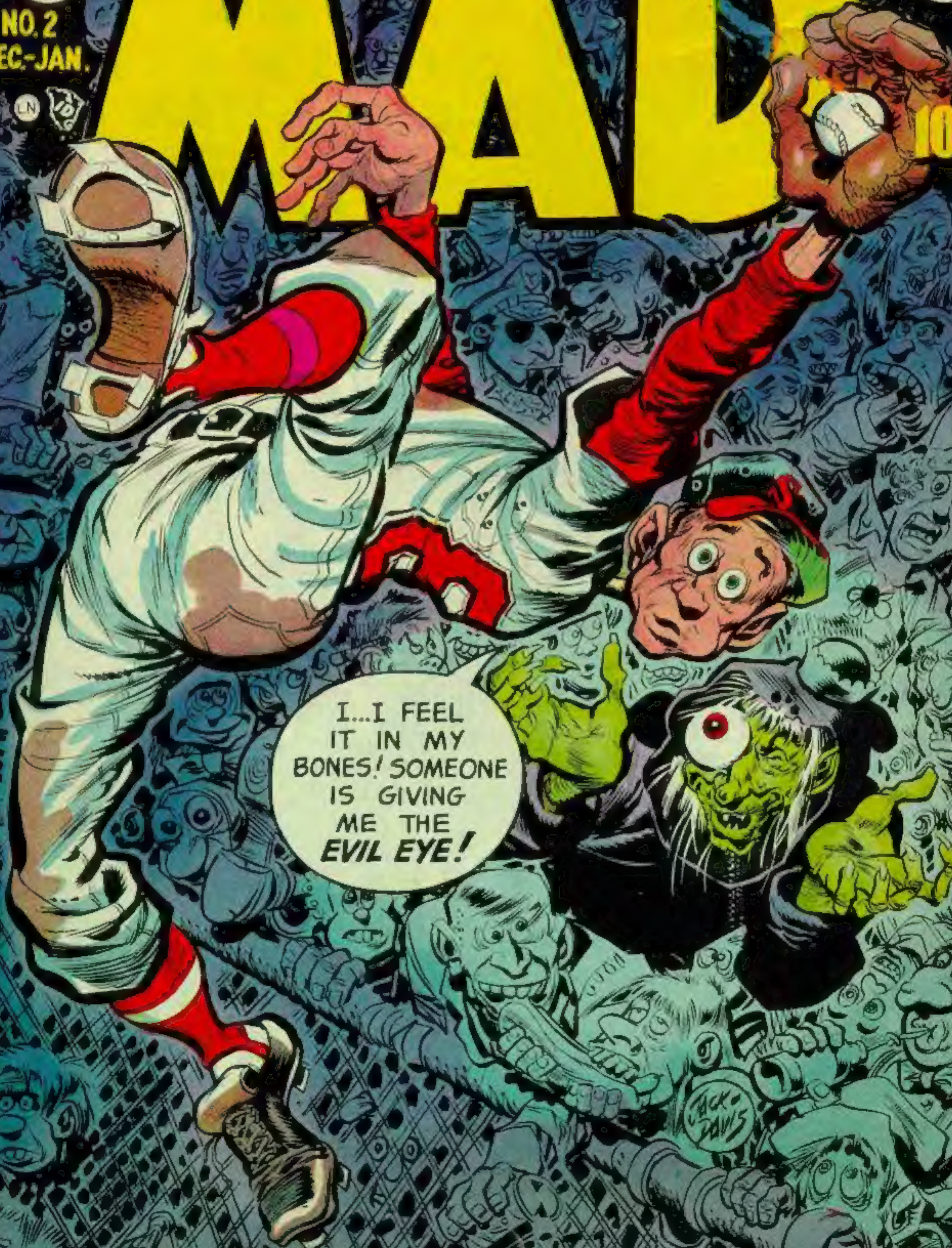
TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



NO. 2
DEC.-JAN.



10¢



I...I FEEL
IT IN MY
BONES! SOMEONE
IS GIVING
ME THE
EVIL EYE!

JACK
BOWIE

I
LIKE
SPINE

EC. FANS!

**WE ARE PROUDEST OF OUR
SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR**



**ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



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TERROR DEPT.: THERE ARE MANY THINGS GOING ON IN THE WORLD THAT ARE VERY STRANGE... THAT HAVE NO EXPLANATION! MANY THINGS IN MANY PHASES OF LIFE... EVEN IN THE GAME OF BASEBALL! THERE ARE THE SUPERSTITIONS, THE BELIEFS IN THE UNNATURAL, THE BELIEFS IN THE ...







ATTABOY, CASEY
LOVER! THAT'S
THE WAY TO SNAG
'EM, LOVER!



AAAH, YOU'VE BEEN
BAD LUCK, DOLL! WE
WON'T WIN THE
PENNANT TODAY!

I'LL GIVE YOU LUCK,
CASEY! PROMISE TO
MARRY ME AND I'LL
WIN YOU THE
PENNANT!



SURE, I'LL MARRY YOU, DOLL!
NOW LEMME CLIMB OUTTA
YOUR LAP BACK INTO
THE GAME...



WICK



DUMB DAME!
WHATSA
IDEA STICKIN
ME WITH
A PIN?

BLOOD,
CASEY! YOU
AGREED TO
A PACT AND
WE'LL SIGN IT
IN BLOOD!



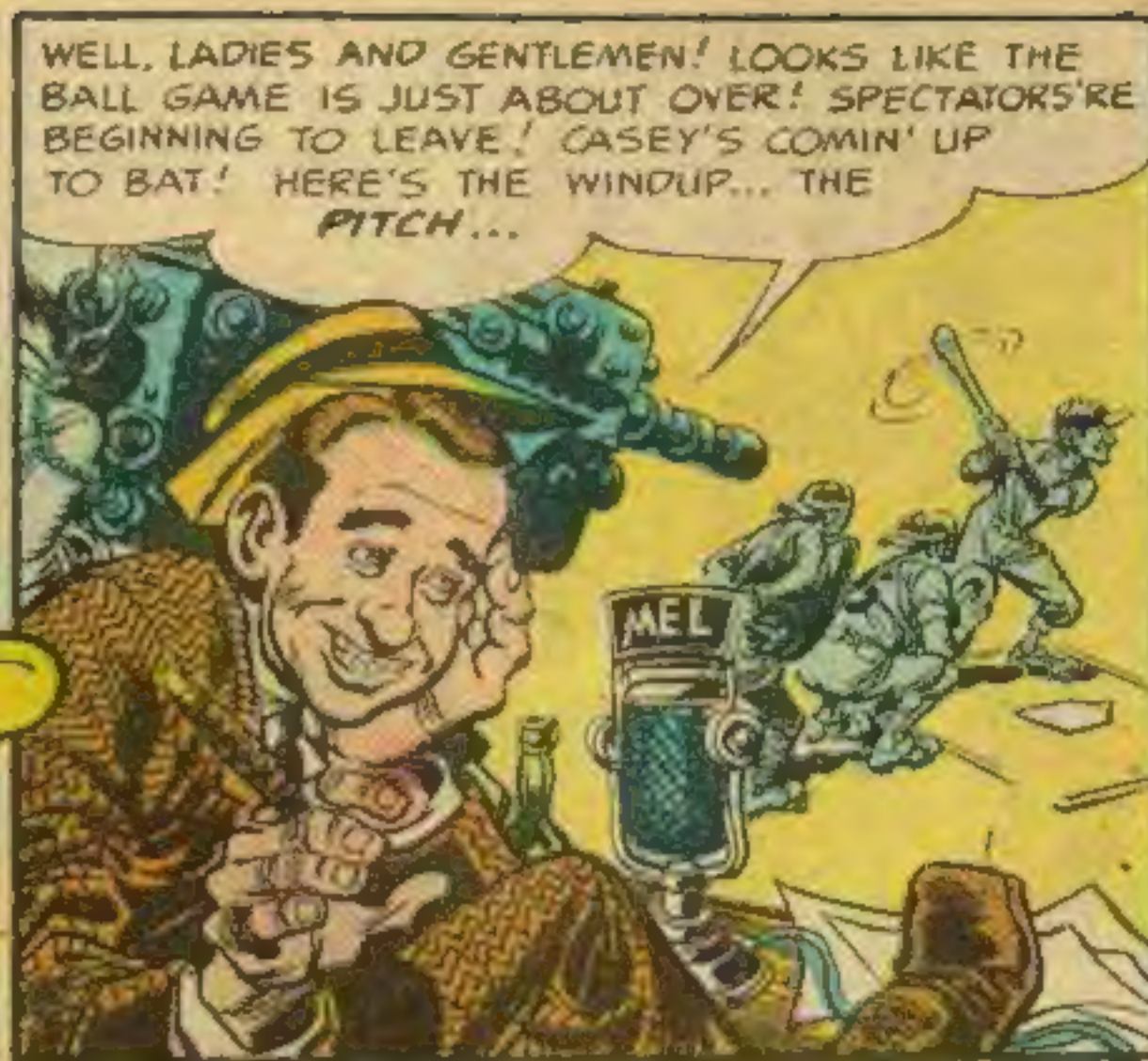
QUIT
TALKIN' TA
THEM SPEC-
TATORS,
CASEY, ER
I'LL SLAP
A FINE ON
YA!

CRAZY OL'
DAME!
STICKS
ME WITH
A PIN!

BLOOD! YAHABA!
A PACT IN BLOOD!
YOU BELONG TO ME,
CASEY... YAHABA...
TO ME!



THUNDER! THAT'S
FUNNY! THERE AIN'T
A CLOUD IN THE
SKY!



IT LOOKS LIKE THE
SWEAT SOX ARE
RALLYING! YEGGI
BORRA BELTS
ONE OUT!



...STAN MUSICAL
CONNECTS!



...PREACHER
ROWBOAT
CONNECTS!



...EDDY STUNKY
CONNECTS!



WHAT A GAME, FOLKS! WHAT A GAME! WITH TWO
MEN OUT, THE SWEAT SOX HAVE RALLIED IN THE
LAST HALF OF THE NINTH AND JUST NEED FOUR
MORE RUNS TO CLINCH THE PENNANT! NOW
CLEANUP MAN CASEY STEPS TO THE PLATE...



...HE HITS A LINE DRIVE
TO THE CENTERFIELD...
MELVIN DEMOOGIO'S
GOT IT...



...NO!!!...THE BALL
IS TAKING A CRAZY
HOP...SAILING OVER
DEMOOGIO'S HEAD...
OUT...OUT...OUT
OF THE PARK!



...HOME RUN!



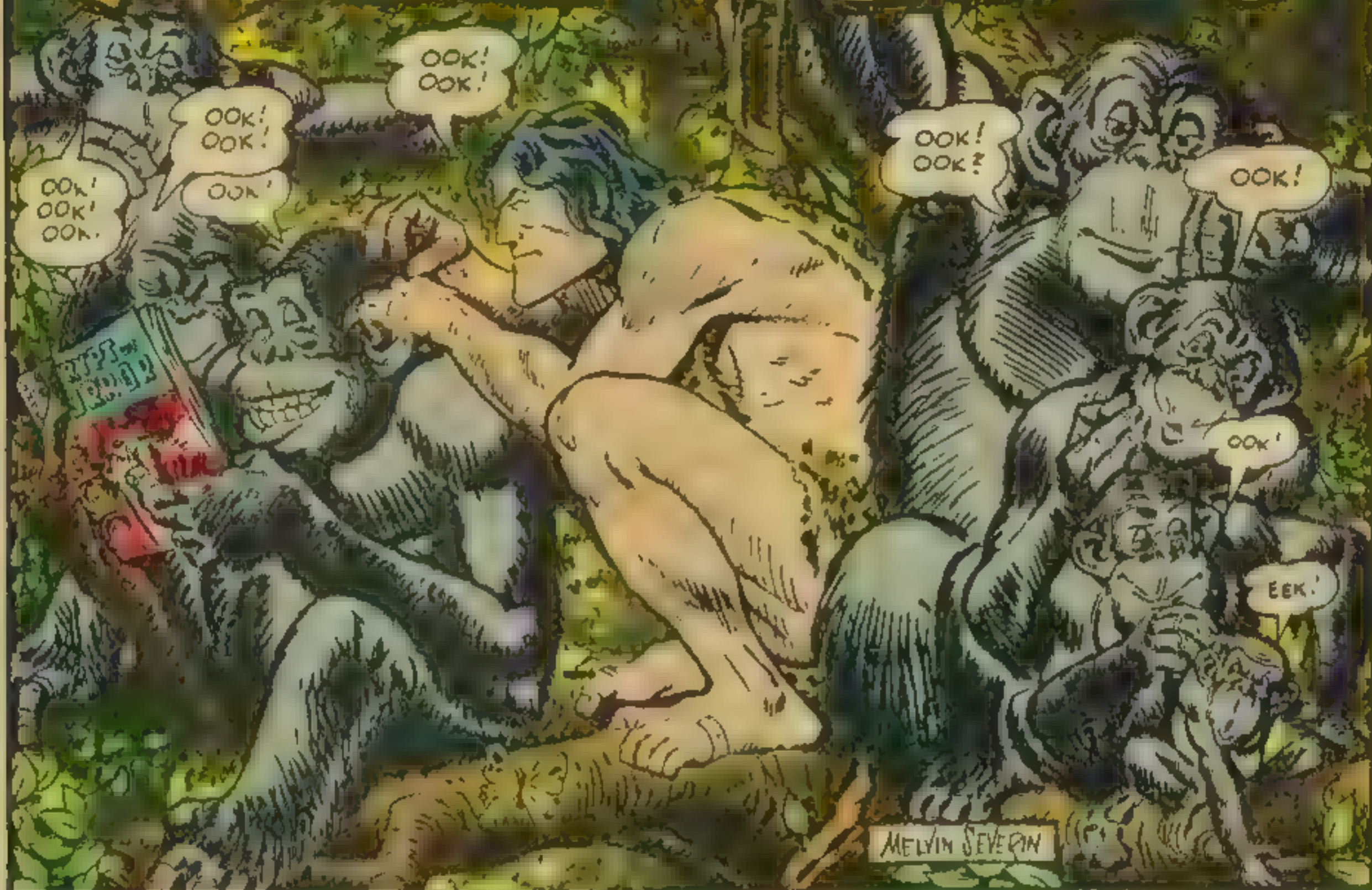






JUNGLE DEPT.: AFRICA'S WILD, UNTAMED LAND WHERE TIME STANDS TANGLED IN THE JUNGLE 'AFRICA' HOME OF THE SERGE GHOUGU PYGMIES, THE TERRIBLE NGAMBWALI CANNIBALS, AND THE HORRIBLE OOKBALLAKONGA HEAD HUNTERS' ALSO. HOME OF THE JUNGLE APEMAN... AN APEMAN NAMED...

MELVIN!



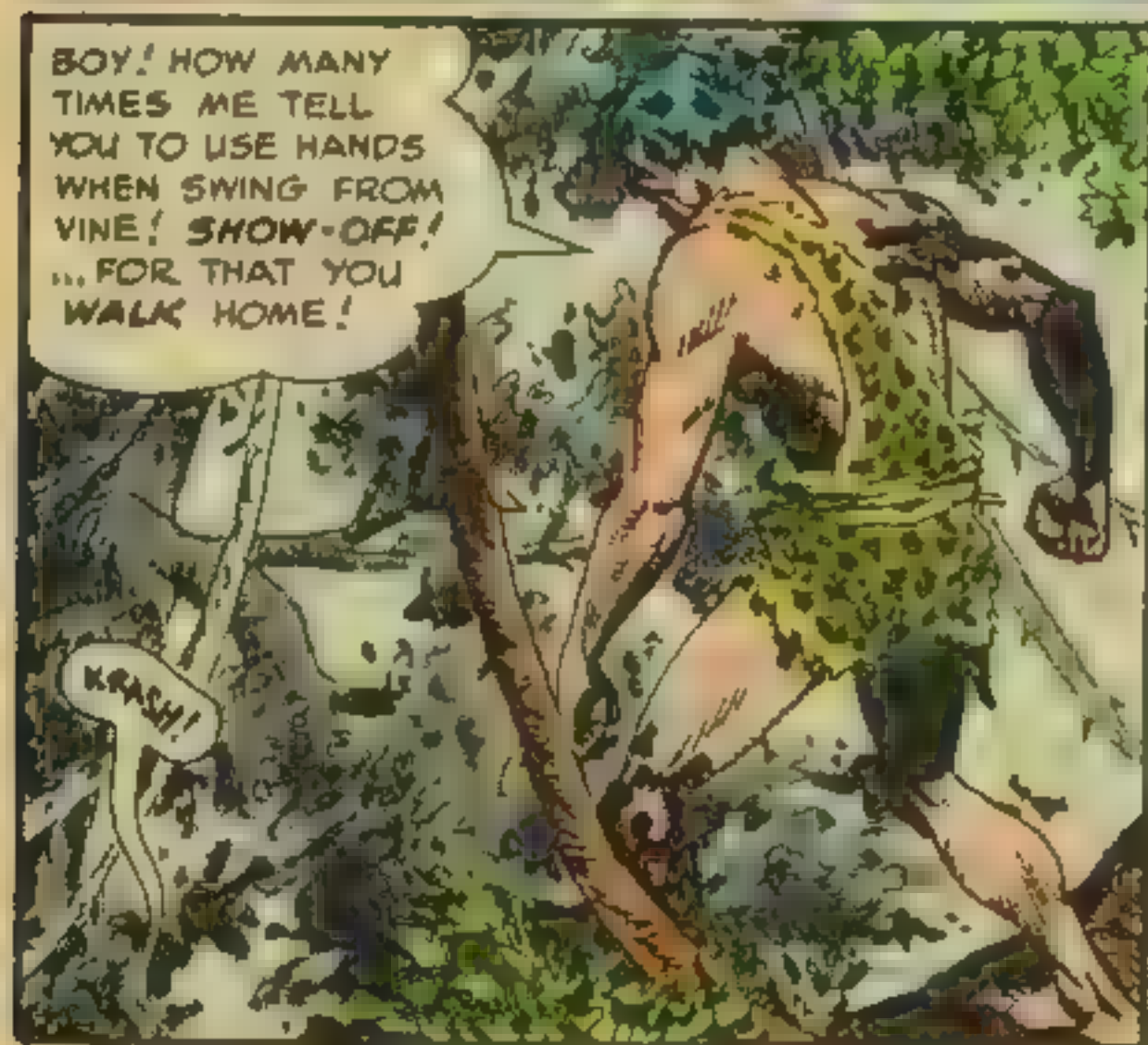
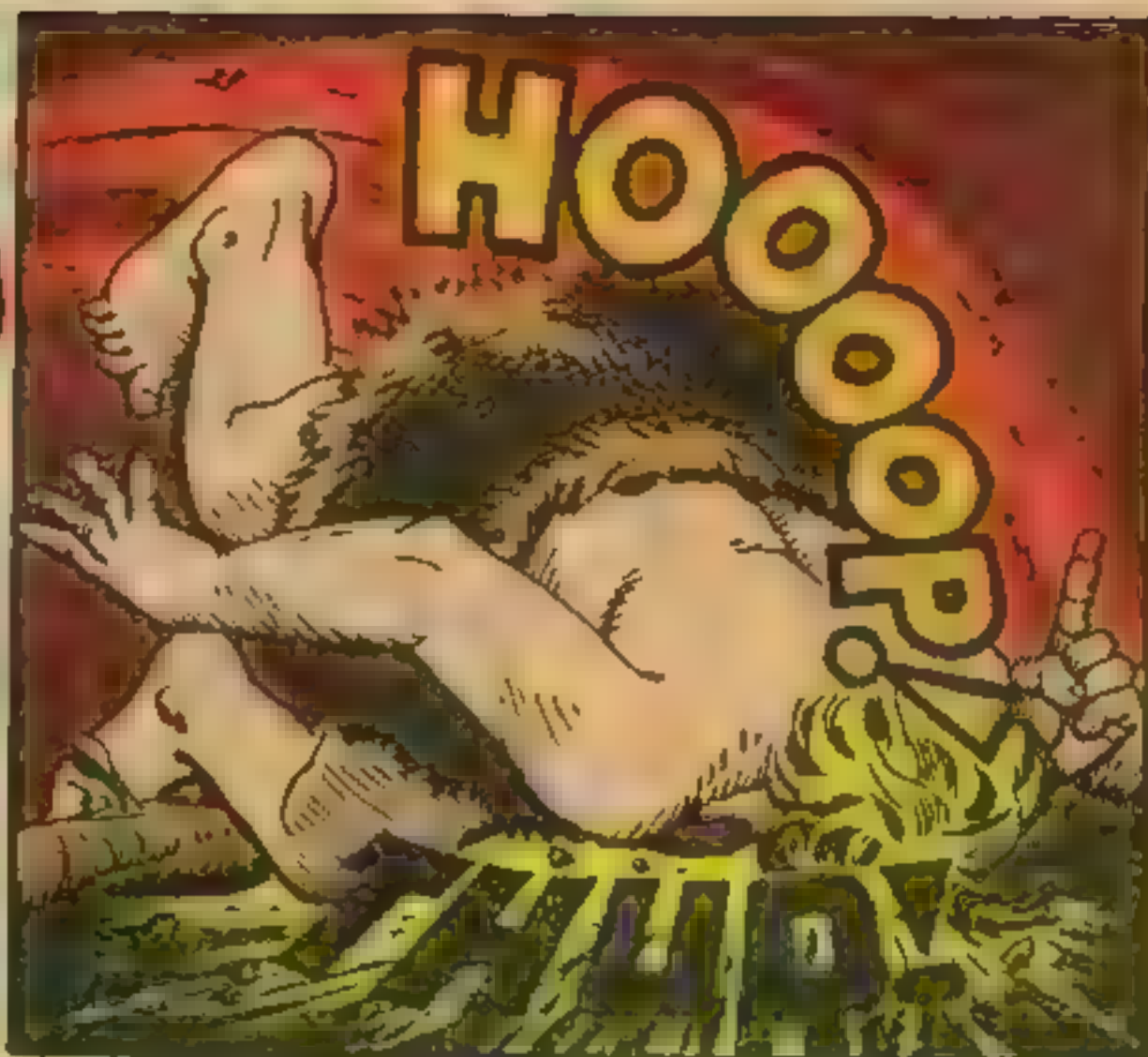
HO HUM! ME MELVIN OF APES, TIRED DIS NONSENSE! I TINK I GO HOME TO JANE! I TINK I GIVE WAR CRY OF KING OF APES.

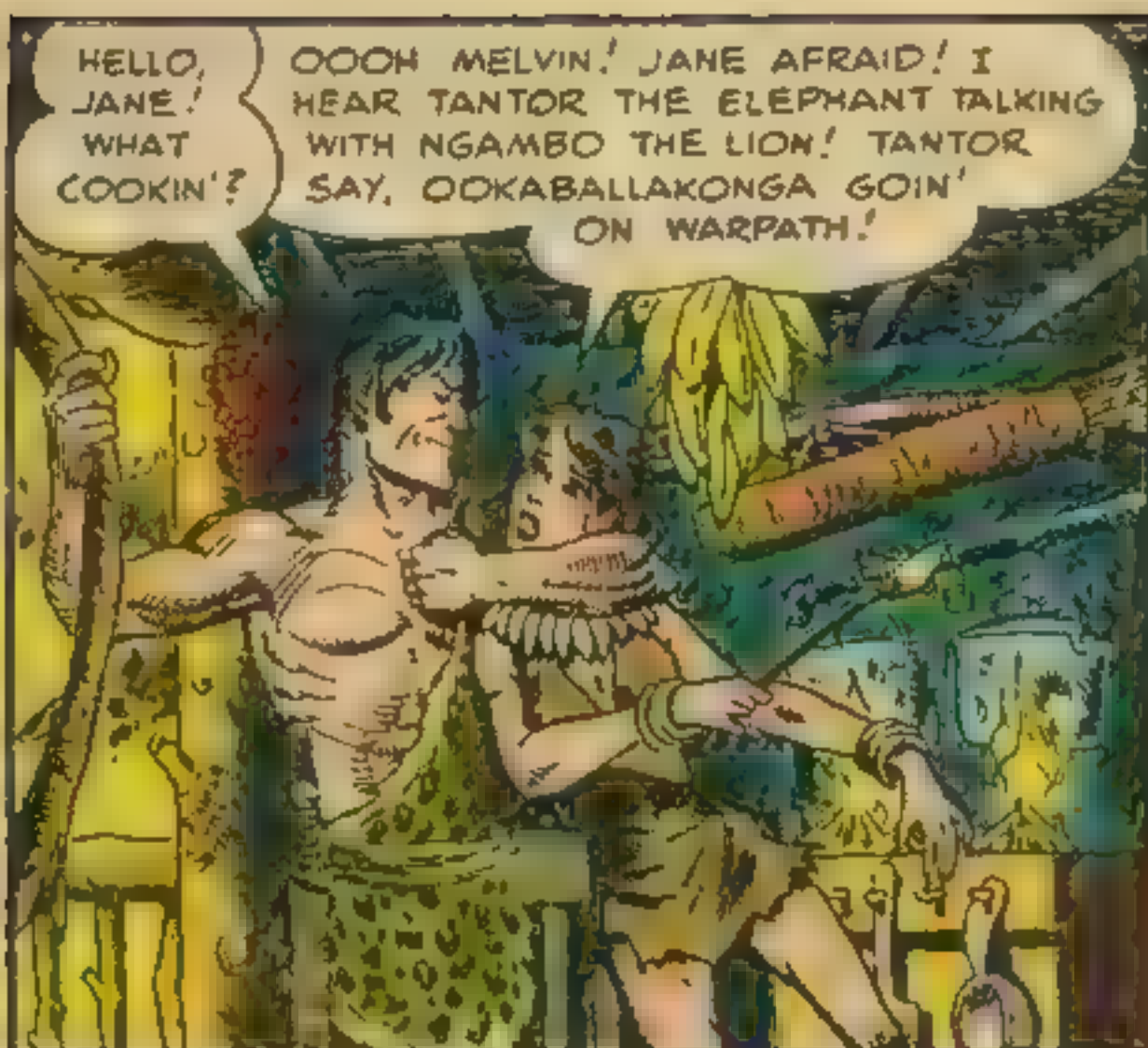


HEY! ME FORGET!... WHERE IS BOY? JANE TELL ME KEEP EYE ON BOY! WHERE BOY?

HEY! LOOK AT DAT MUSCLE

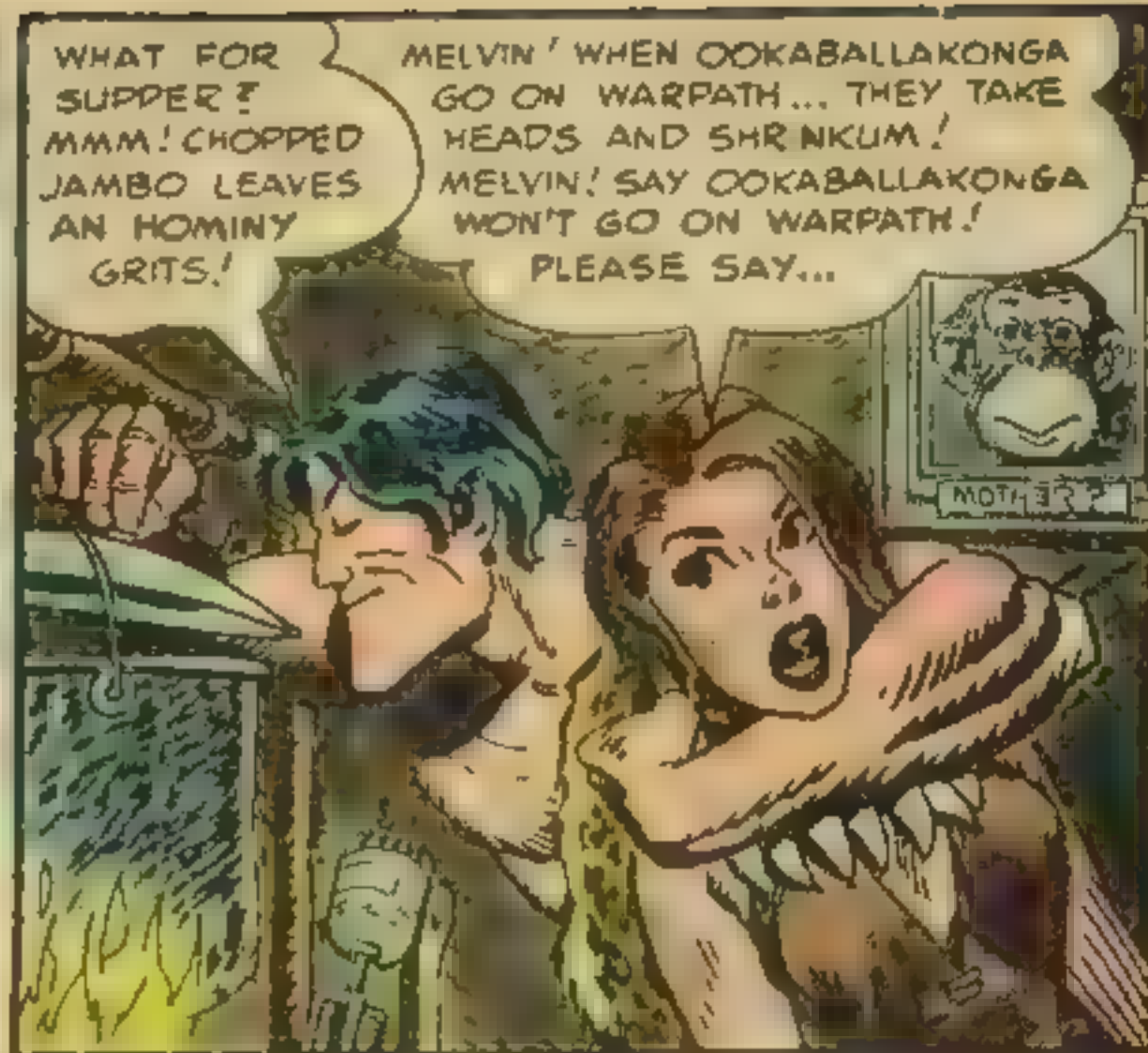






HELLO, JANE! WHAT COOKIN'?

OOOH MELVIN! JANE AFRAID! I HEAR TANTOR THE ELEPHANT TALKING WITH NGAMBO THE LION! TANTOR SAY, OOKABALLAKONGA GOIN' ON WARPATH!



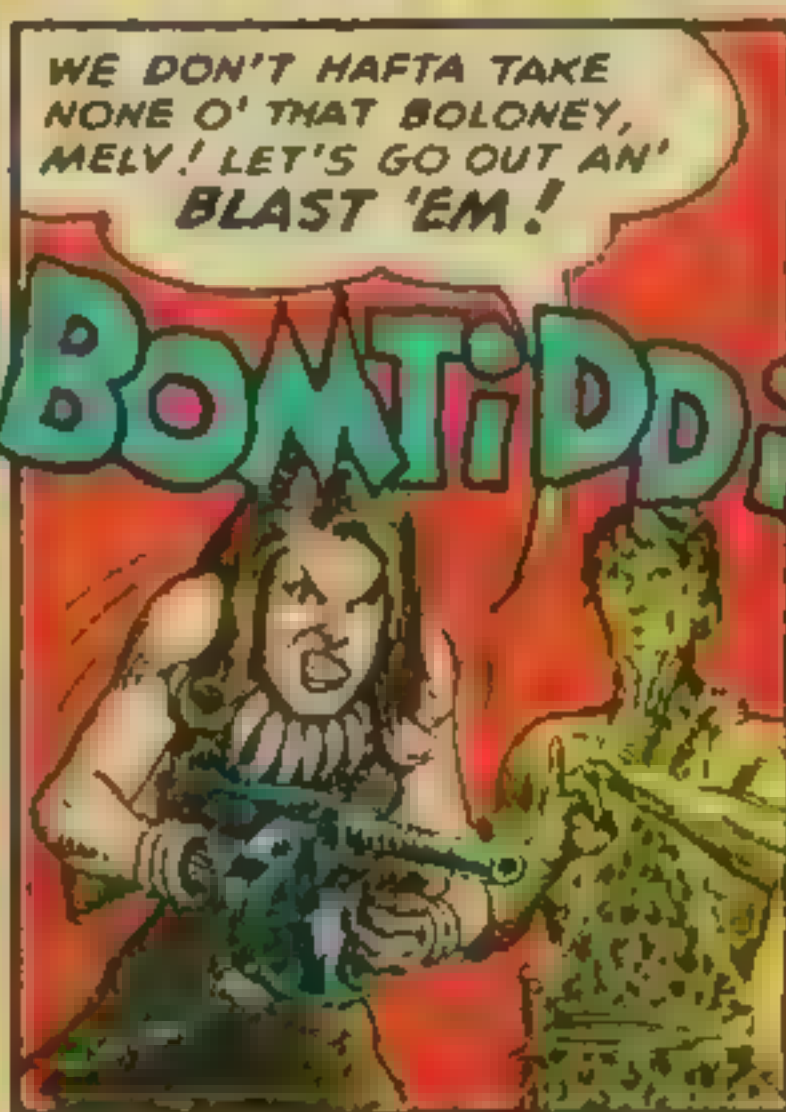
WHAT FOR SUPPER? MMM! CHOPPED JAMBO LEAVES AN HOMINY GRITS!

MELVIN! WHEN OOKABALLAKONGA GO ON WARPATH... THEY TAKE HEADS AND SHRINKUM! MELVIN! SAY OOKABALLAKONGA WON'T GO ON WARPATH! PLEASE SAY...

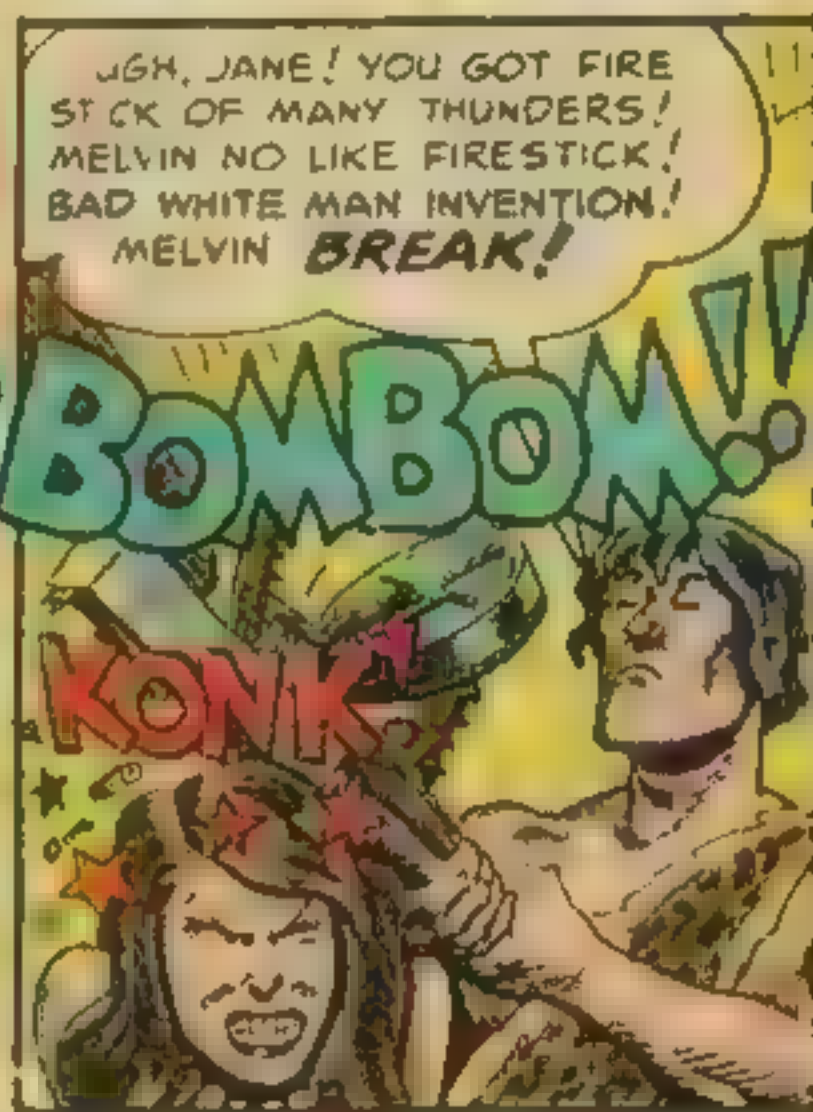


LISTEN, MELVIN!

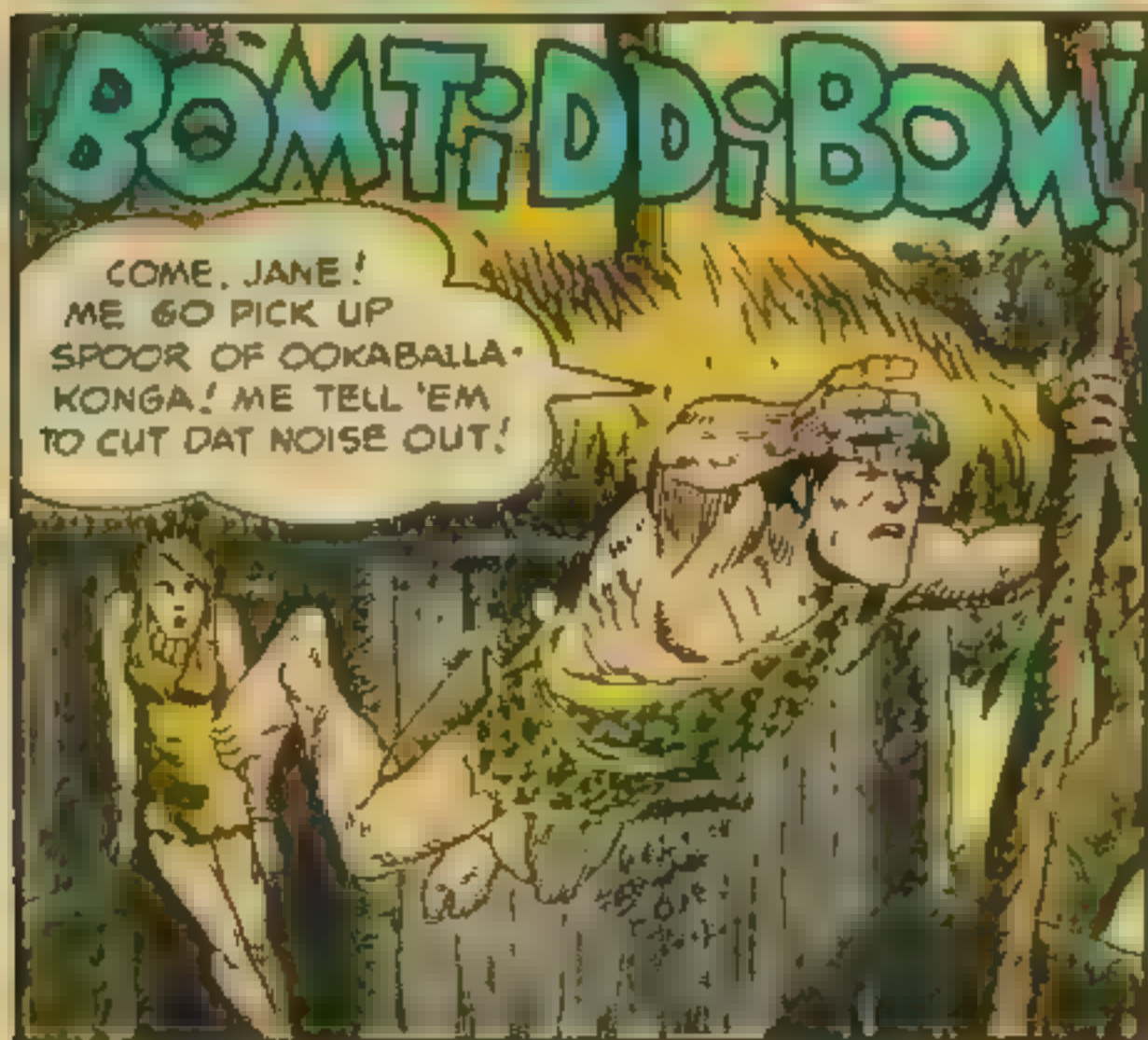
IS WARDRUM OF OOKABALLAKONGA! D'S SERIOUS!



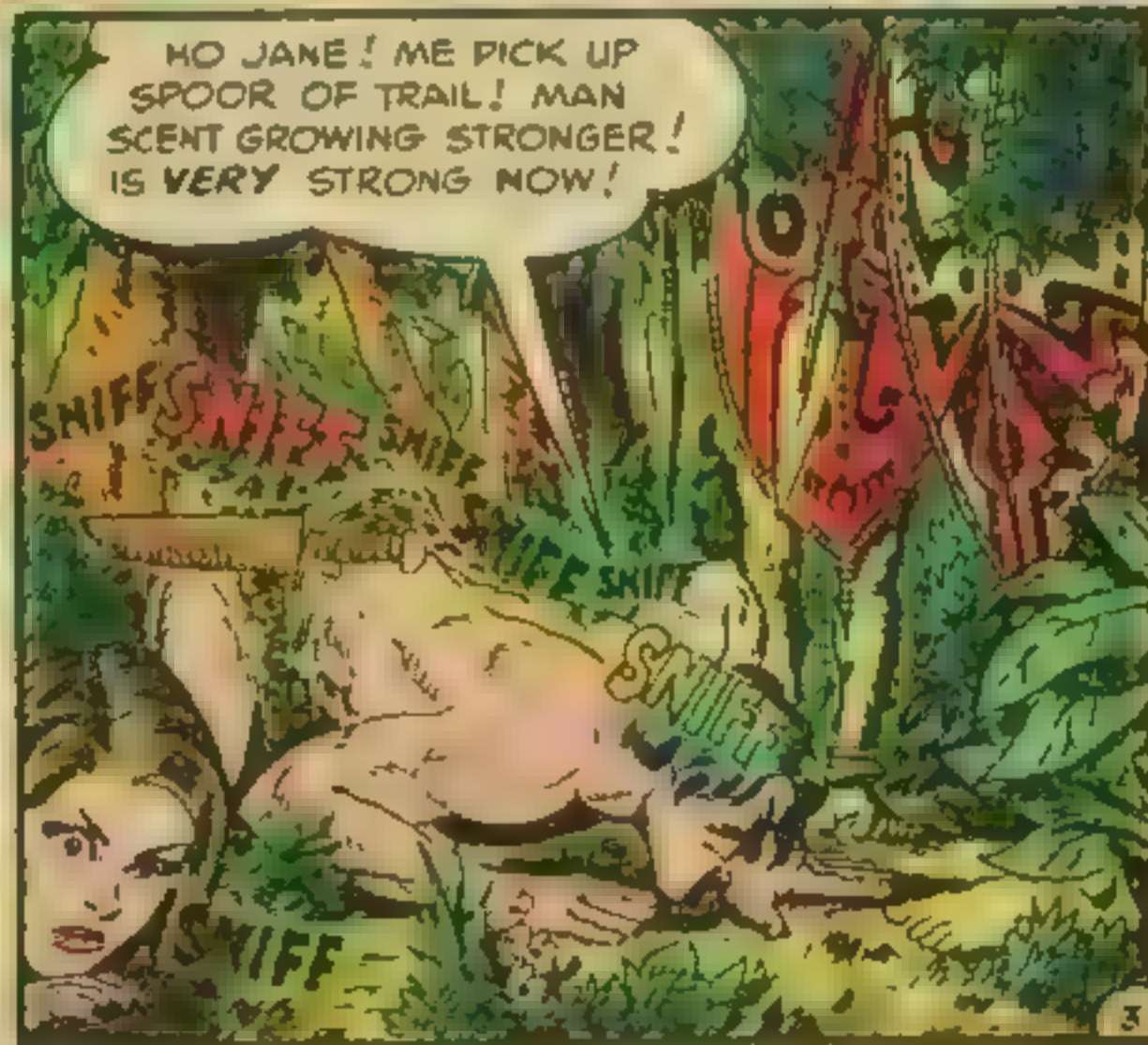
WE DON'T HAFTA TAKE NONE O' THAT BOLONEY, MELV! LET'S GO OUT AN' BLAST 'EM!



UGH, JANE! YOU GOT FIRE STICK OF MANY THUNDERS! MELVIN NO LIKE FIRESTICK! BAD WHITE MAN INVENTION! MELVIN BREAK!

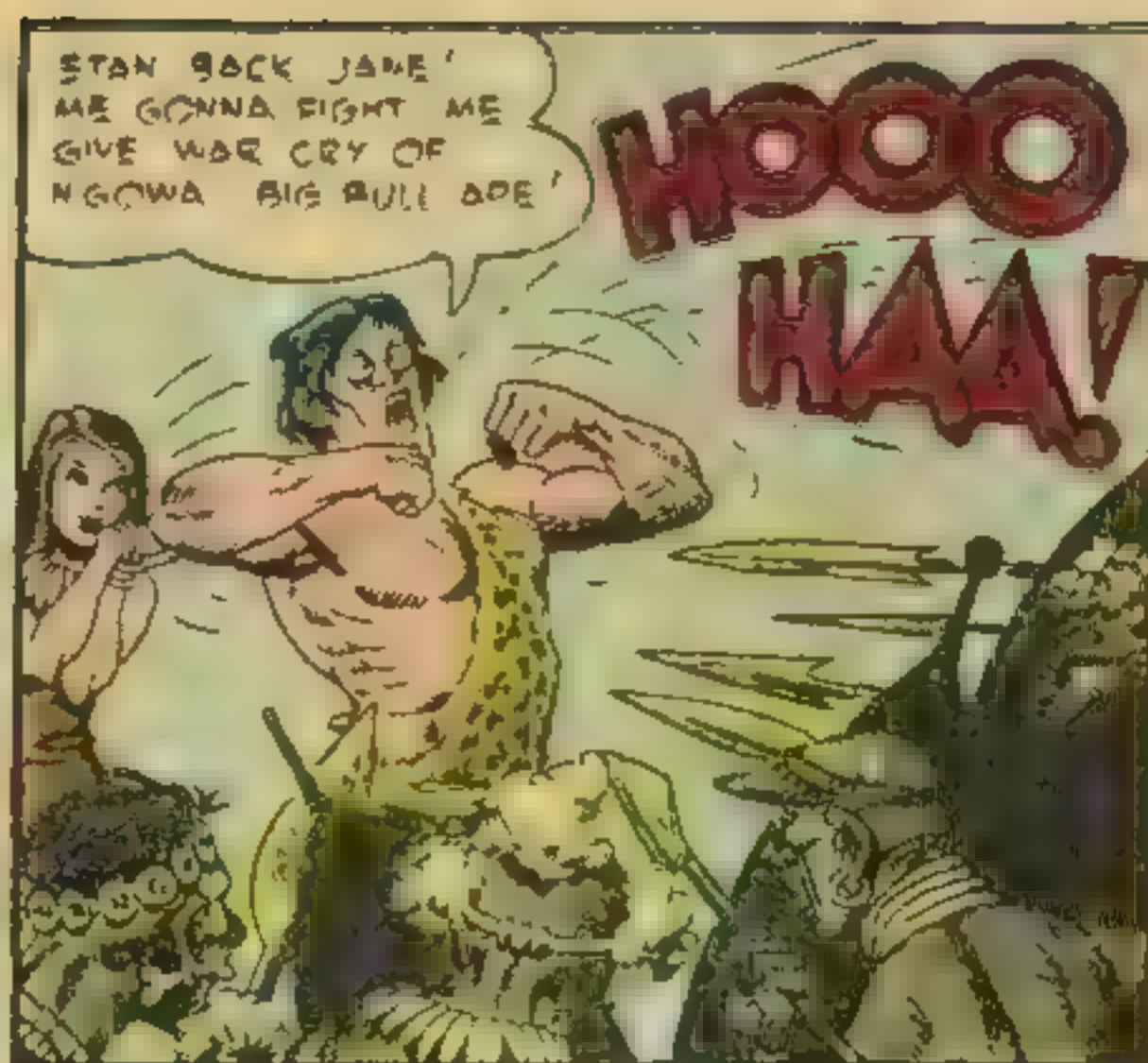


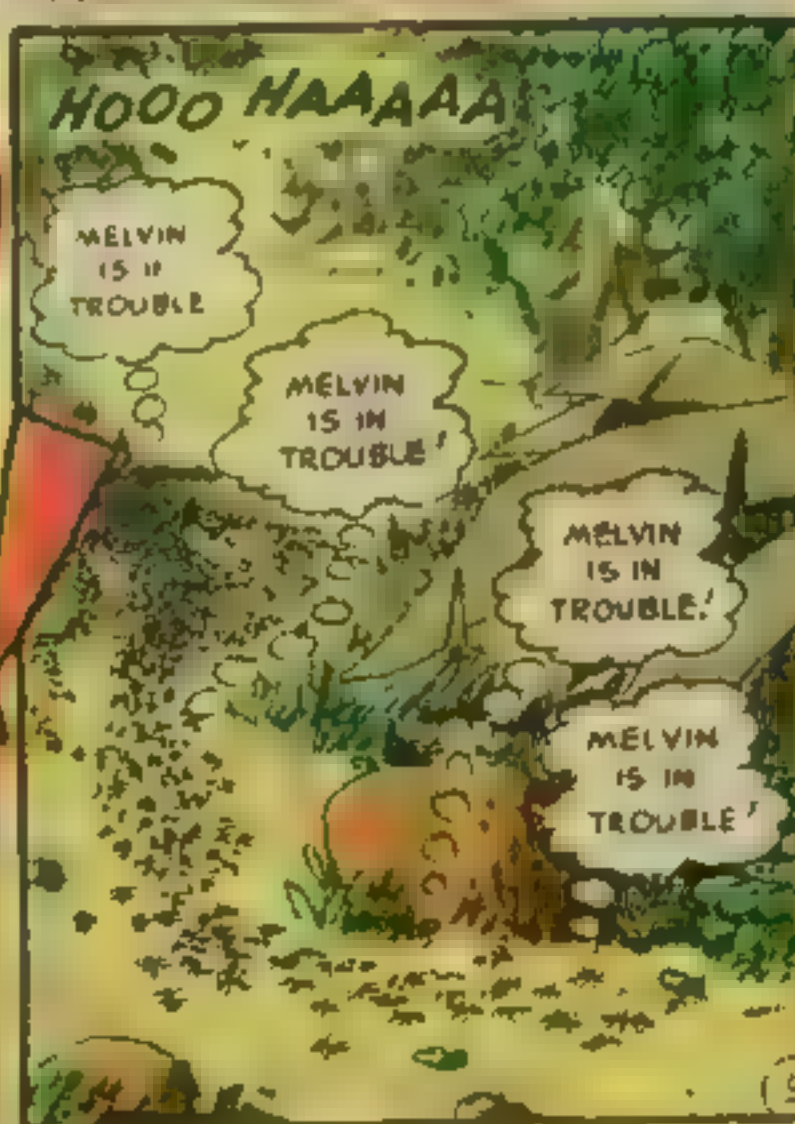
COME, JANE! ME GO PICK UP SPOOR OF OOKABALLA-KONGA! ME TELL 'EM TO CUT DAT NOISE OUT!

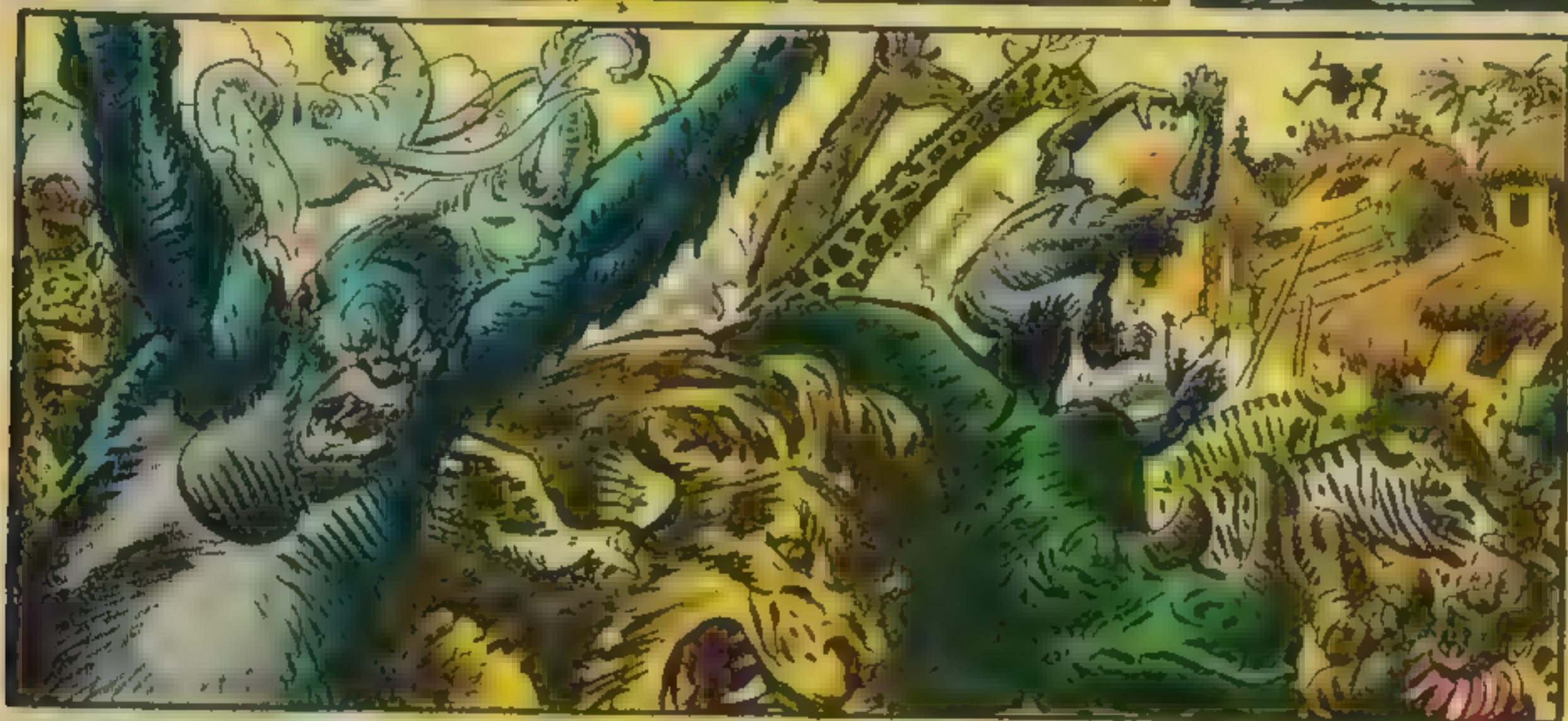
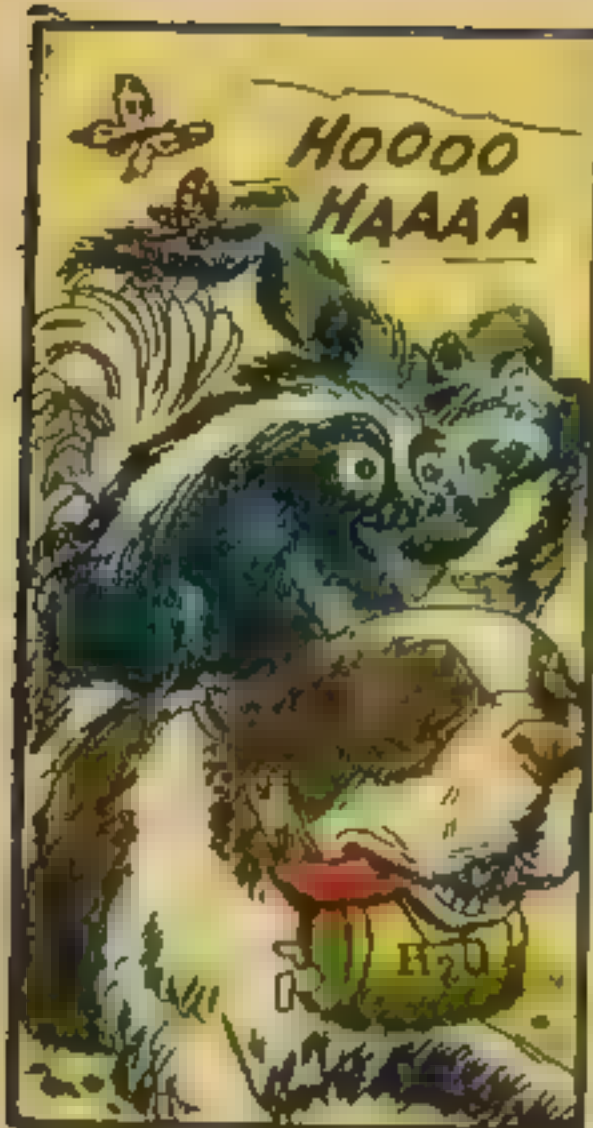


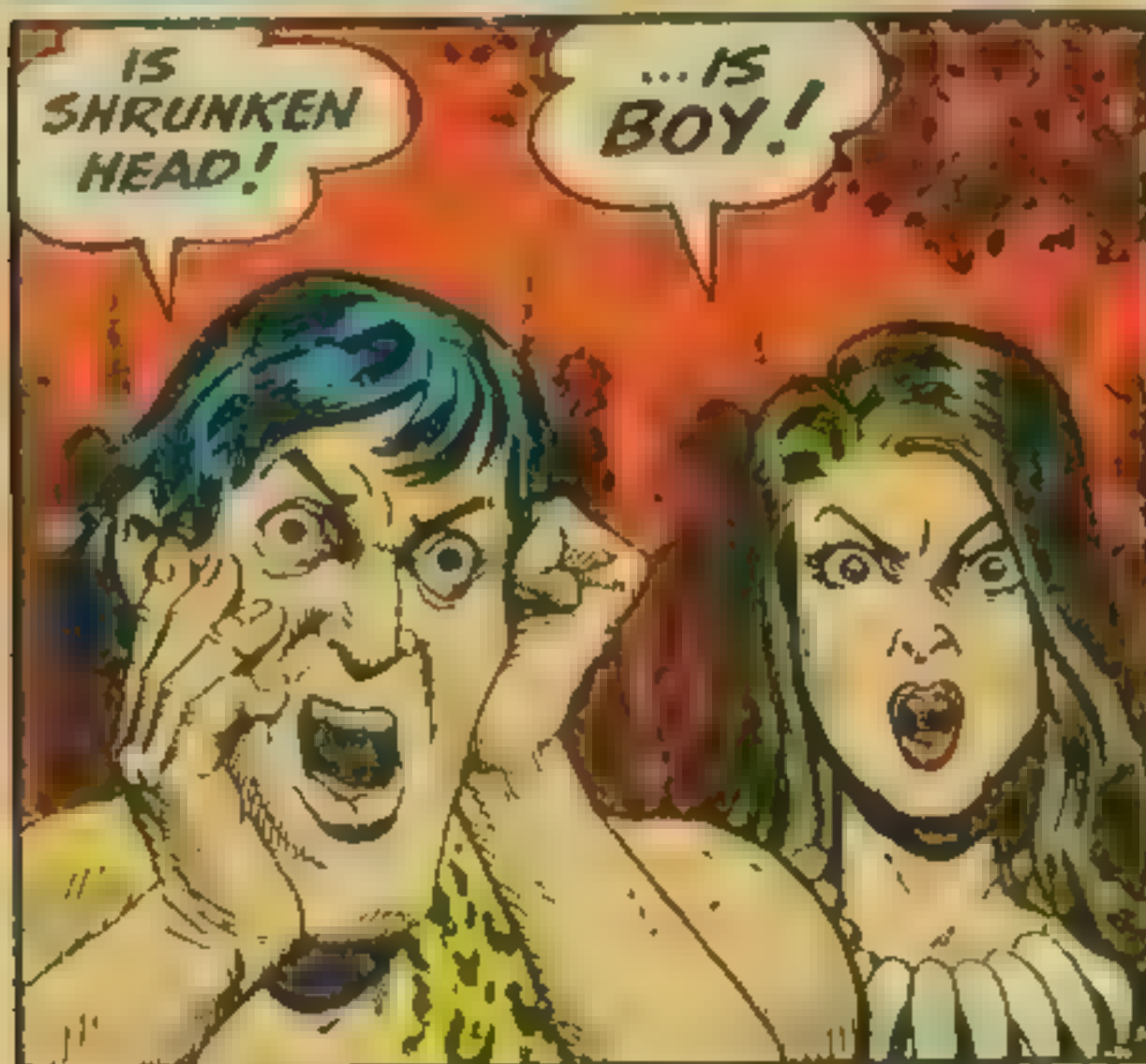
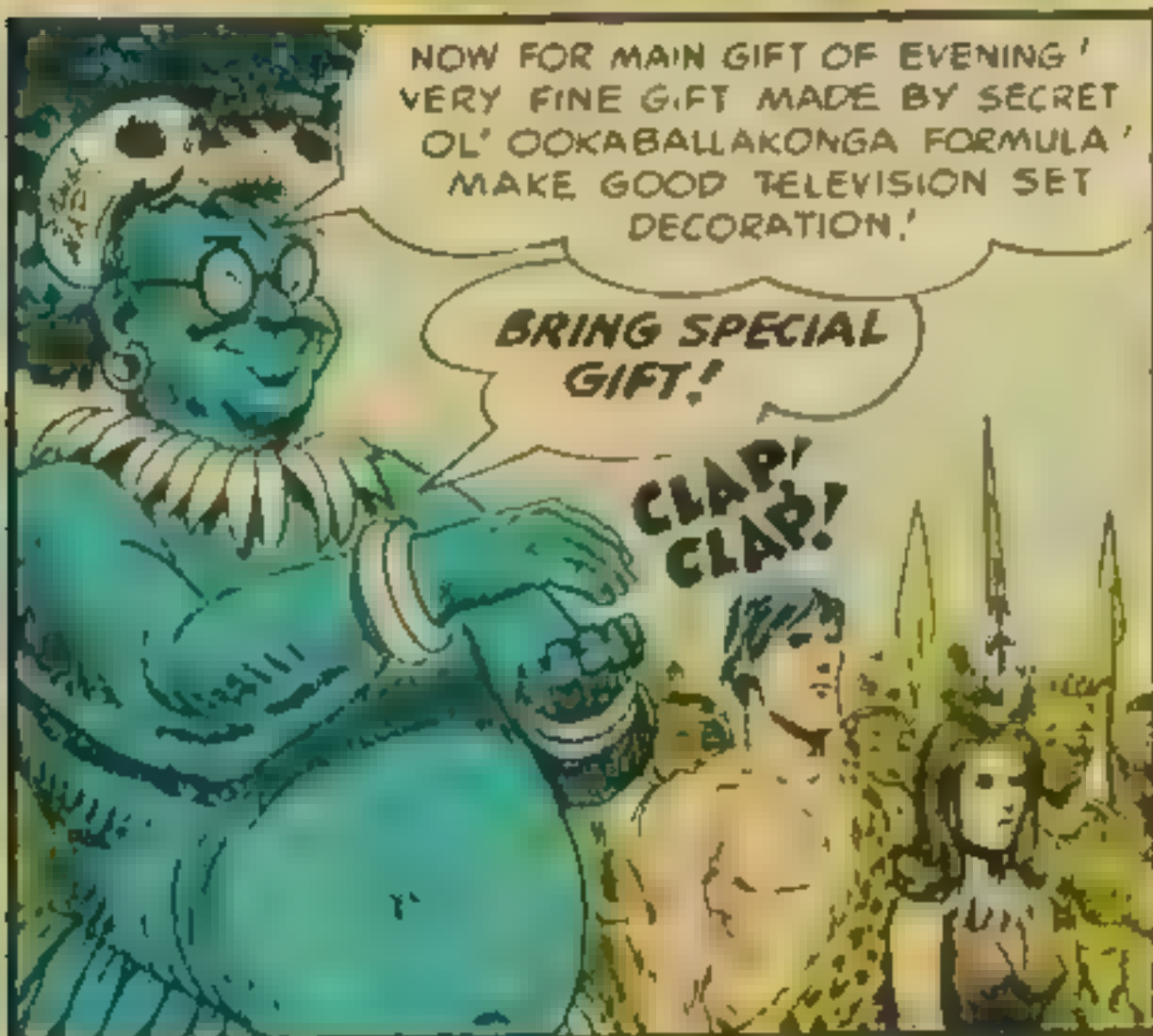
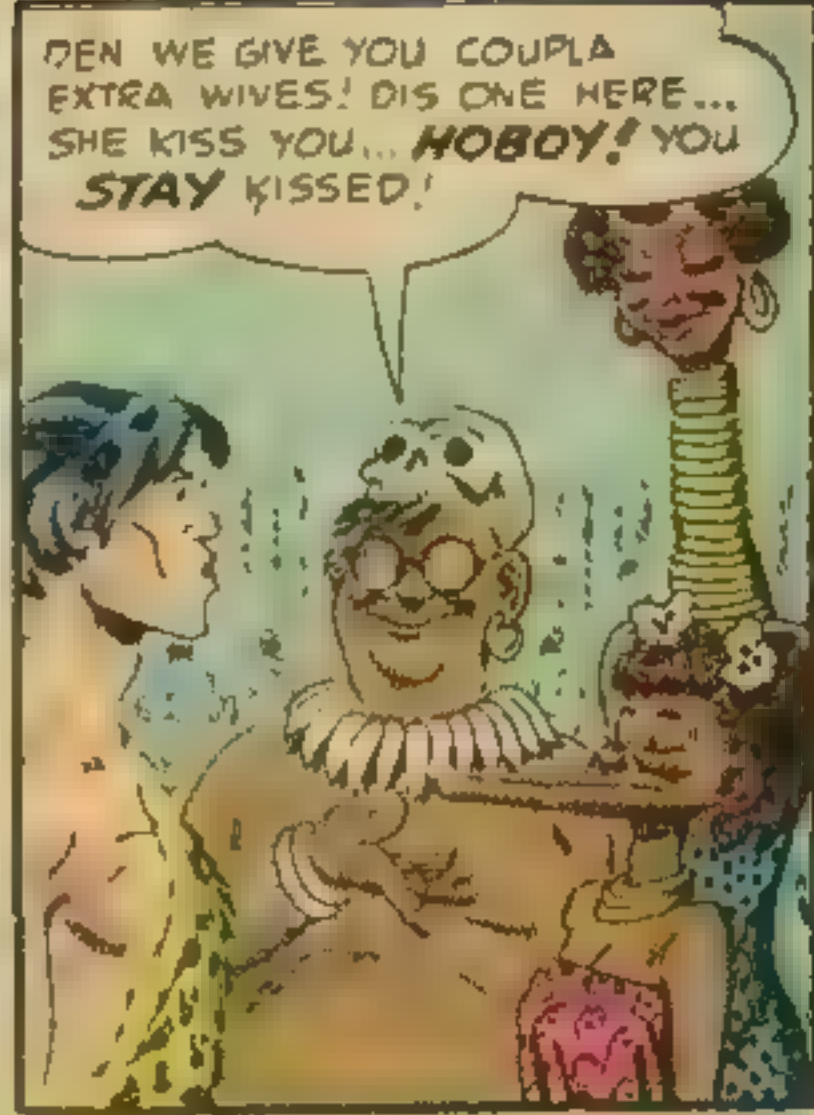
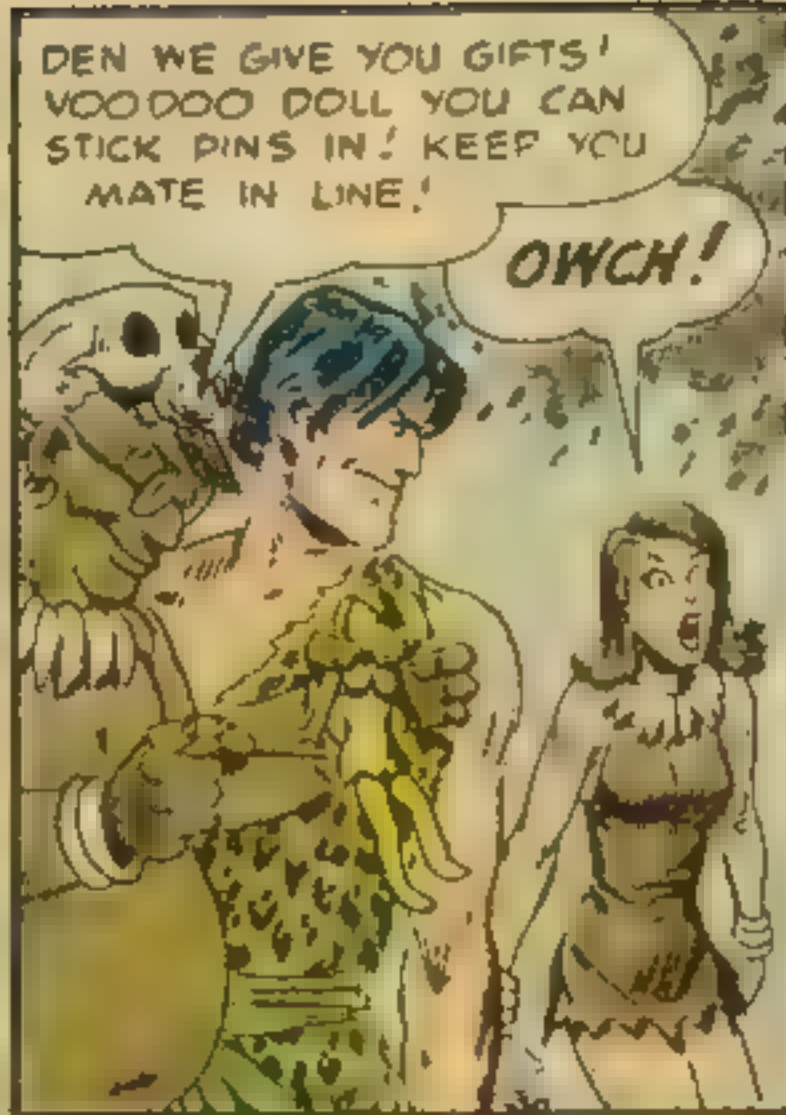
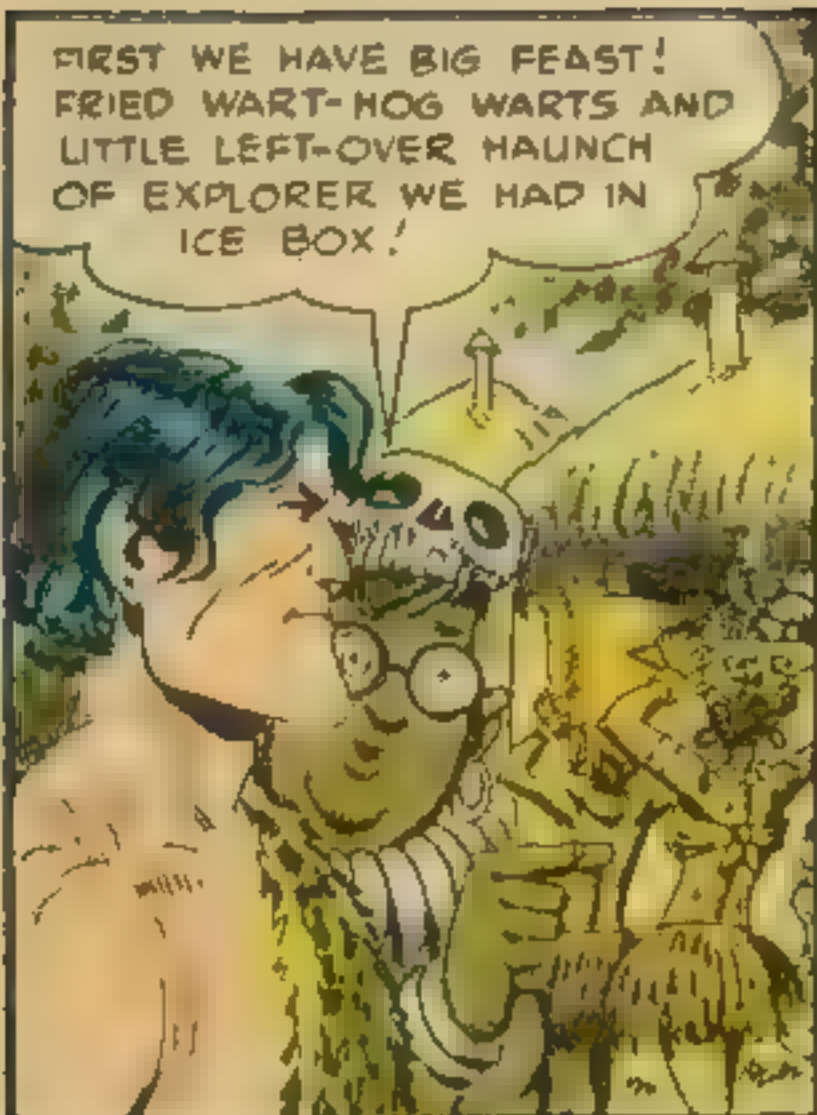
HO JANE! ME PICK UP SPOOR OF TRAIL! MAN SCENT GROWING STRONGER! IS VERY STRONG NOW!

SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF



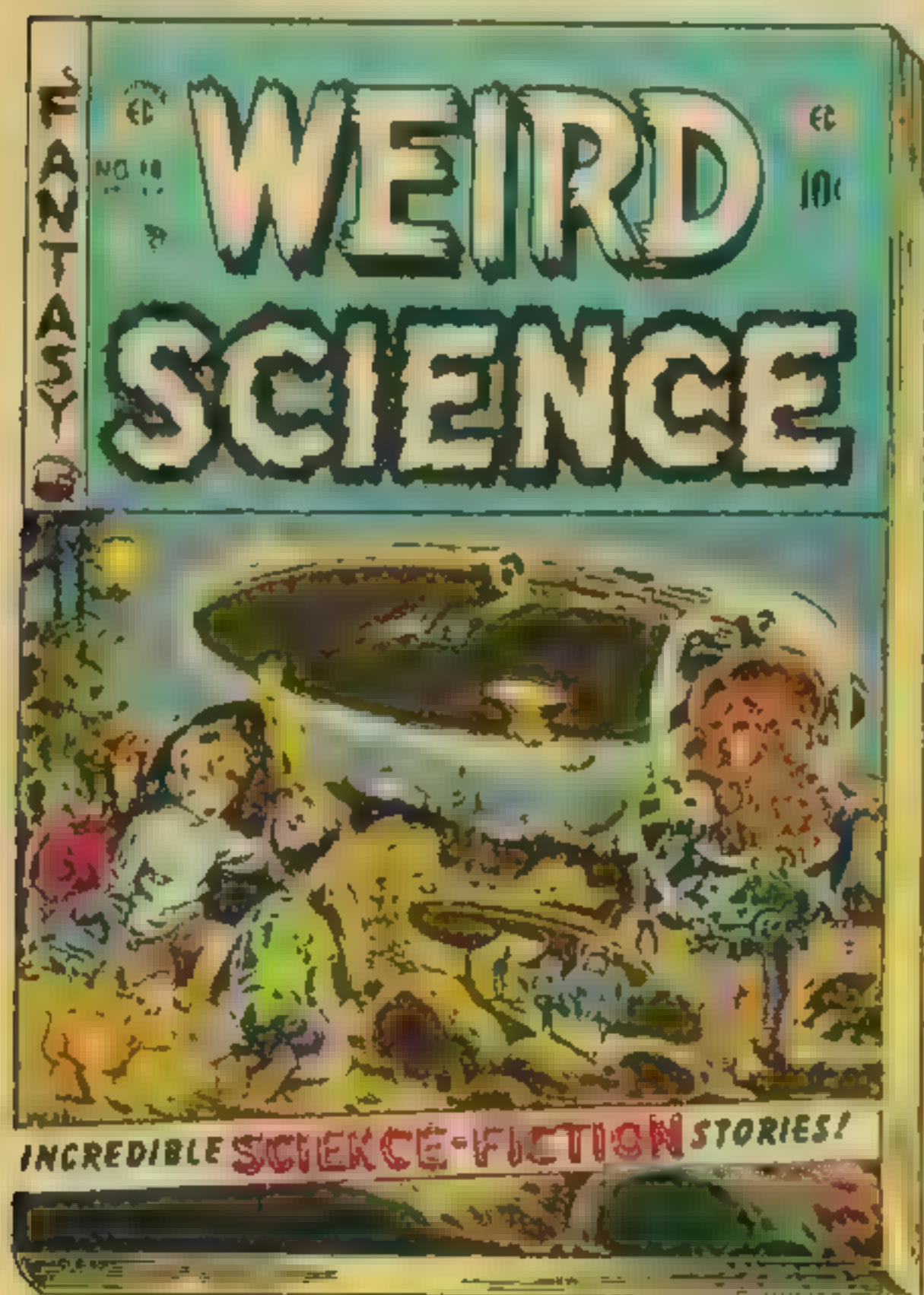






E.C. FANS!

**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST
OF OUR SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**ANOTHER
"NEW TREND"
ENTERTAINING COMIC!
ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**



Monongahela Wheeler, private eye, flashed his badge at Babalou O'Brien, his nagging secretary

"Listen, Mo! We owe Mr. Gaines, the Baron of Lafayette Street, five months back rent on this broom closet. You haven't made a prune since you caught the counterfeiter, Two-Buck Tim from 'Timbuktu! Now you have a chance for an interview and free publicity on the coast-to-coast broadcast, 'Breakfast with Max and Minx'!"

"Desist, woman! I don't believe in *mind over mattress* . . . rising at 6 in the a.m. to chit-chat with a couple of bleary-eyed early birds! Besides . . . I can't stomach their sponsor's product, the breakfast food that's packed in shell casings. What with Minx's canaries chirping the Anvil Chorus, the cereal exploding, and the friction in Max's diction, I won't get a plug in edgewise! No! I refuse!"

Just then, a beautiful woman, with mascara-smeared eyelids, swivel-hipped into the office. As Babalou leered at the lovely intruder, Mo looked her over like the Sunday supplement.

"What is it, Mo? A raccoon???"

Mo observed that the mysterious lady was wearing a soft sighing whisp of a black chiffon chapeau with a rayon net cascading over a pure silk print dinner dress of mauve, aqua topaz, and tissue faille beige. The whole effect was one of melodious cacophony, quiet dignity and unstudied flawlessness! She was obviously a retired taxi-dancer.

The lady placed 498 one-dollar bills and a two-spot on Mo's desk. She spoke in a voice smooth as warm butterscotch pudding. "This is a small retainer, Mr. Wheeler! There's been toul play at 24 Claw St.!!" Then she turned on her wedgies and left.

Mo stuck the loot in his suit, the two-spot in an envelope for the landlord, and headed for

the house of evil with Babalou in tow!!

Soon, the sleuth and his steno were standing in the sinister, spider-webbed hallway of 24 Claw!

"Let's try that door at the top of the stairs, sweetheart! Watch that first step. Looks rotten!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "Watch that second step. Pretty weak!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "The third step, too!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . "Fourth's bad!" . . . "Right, Mo!" "Fifth's worse yet!" . . . "Right, Mo!" . . . Watch the SEVENTH step . . . very bad!"

There was a resounding crash! Mo would have to carry on alone, now! Reaching the landing, he opened the foreboding door! There, on the floor, was a murdered seaman in a blood-soaked oilskin coat and a sou'wester a harpoon impaled in his back!!

"Here's one sailor who found a storm in a port! Judging from the angle this 600 pound Nantucket needle entered the body, it was thrown at close range! The serial number has been filed off. There must be hundreds of harpoons of the same caliber around town!"

As Mo whipped his magnifying glass into focus, the Lady-in-Mascara flounced into the room

Mr. Wheeler! The solution to this crime lies in that room across the hall!"

Mo raced to that perilous portal! He kicked it in with the toe of his tennis shoe. A red light flashed . . . ON THE AIR! Canaries chirped and breakfast food exploded. Radio technicians were absorbed in their decibels. A man with ear-phones threw a frantic finger at Max and Minx!

Welcome to breakfast with the McSnarys, Mo! This was the only way we could get you on our precious program. Will you be our guest before you take us down to police headquarters?"

"You both will get the hot-divan for this caper! But I might comply with your last request. I haven't had my second cup of coffee as yet this morning."

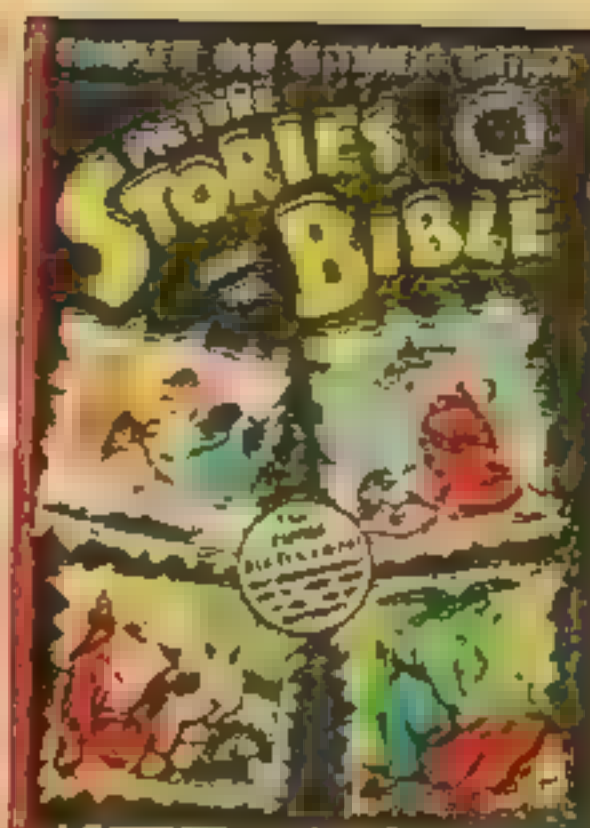
As Mo looked around for the elusive Lady-in-Mascara, Babalou's voice came up from the cellar . .

"Mo . . . you lout!!! Why didn't you tell me about that SIXTH step?????"



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CALLING COSMO McMOON!

On a quiet stretch of meadowland in the mid-west, a lonely steel tower reaches into the ether and pulls radio waves into the generator housed at its base. Then it sends the waves, now nourished and revitalized, out unto space again to continue on their coast-to-coast journey.

One day, things went awry at this small but important transmitter. President F. M. Wavelength, the big chime of the Irrational Broadcasting System, called an emergency Board of Directors meeting

"Gentlemen! I don't have to tell you why you are here! Just turn on the radio and you'll hear jumbled programs. H. V. Kettledrum, news analyst . . . Martin Cohen, private eye . . . and Mr. Trace, Loser of Keen Persons, are all working on the *same* case apparently. Jock Beanny appears to be playing *first violin* on the Boston Symphony broadcast! Actually, some unknown force, within the radius of one of our midwestern powerhouses, is jamming all the networks together! We have resorted to every known mechanical contrivance to detect the source of the interference, but to no avail!

"Therefore, I have called in an old school-chum of mine, Prof. Cosmo McMoon, to solve this mystery. The professor and I went to Common Knowledge College together where I was captain of the All-American Tiddly-Winks Team. He played a very solid Left Tiddle!"

Just then, Prof. McMoon entered. Taking off his pith helmet, he addressed his old school-mate. "Got your call, F. M.! I was spending a bit of a vacation at Lake Indian-name-to-end-all-Indian-named-lakes, in exclusive Westchester County. I hate to admit it, but I was about to be tossed out anyway! They discovered a knothole in my polo mallet. A breath of social etiquette if there ever was one!"

"Have you heard my new song, 'I'll take

you home again, Kathleen — the last three cocktails turned you green!?' Or would you rather hear my theories on why the Missing Link is still missing?"

.

Prof. McMoon and F. M. arrived by plane at the site of the berserk transmitter. As Cosmo began his investigations in the vicinity, the oscillator in his bow tie started to blink and light up! He was hot on the trail!

The signals became strongest when he approached a little hut, tucked away in the woods, not far from the tower

The door of the humble abode was opened by Walla-Walla Bazinski, a poor but honest farmer. He invited the two men into the plain interior. He introduced his wife, Mrs. Croton-on-the-Hudson Bazinski. On her lap sat ten month old Baden-Baden Bazinski. Music wafted through the room. The Bazinskis were too poor to own a radio, but the sound emanated from their little son's mouth!

"Incredible," cried Cosmo! "This little cherub is a human generator! He opens his mouth and his teeth act as a positive attractor of radio waves. His tongue acts as a conductor of electricity while his teeth are like the push button station selectors on a radio. He has merely to run his tongue along his teeth to change from station to station!"

"Yes, and he doesn't take long to warm up like them hand-made radios!", offered Walla-Walla.

Now that the cause of the radio-wave jumbling was unearthed, Mr. F. M. Wavelength paid Mr. Bazinski \$100,000 to have little B.B.'s baby teeth extracted. This done, stations only carried *one* program at a time as before

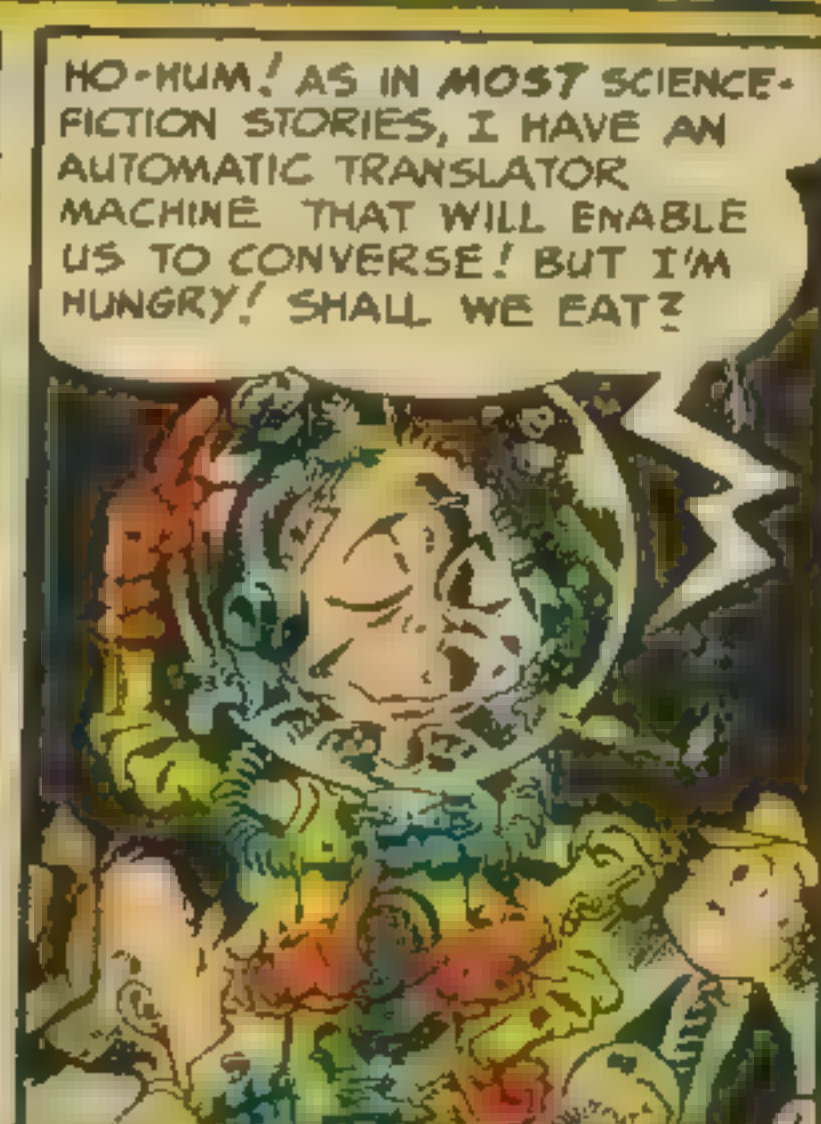
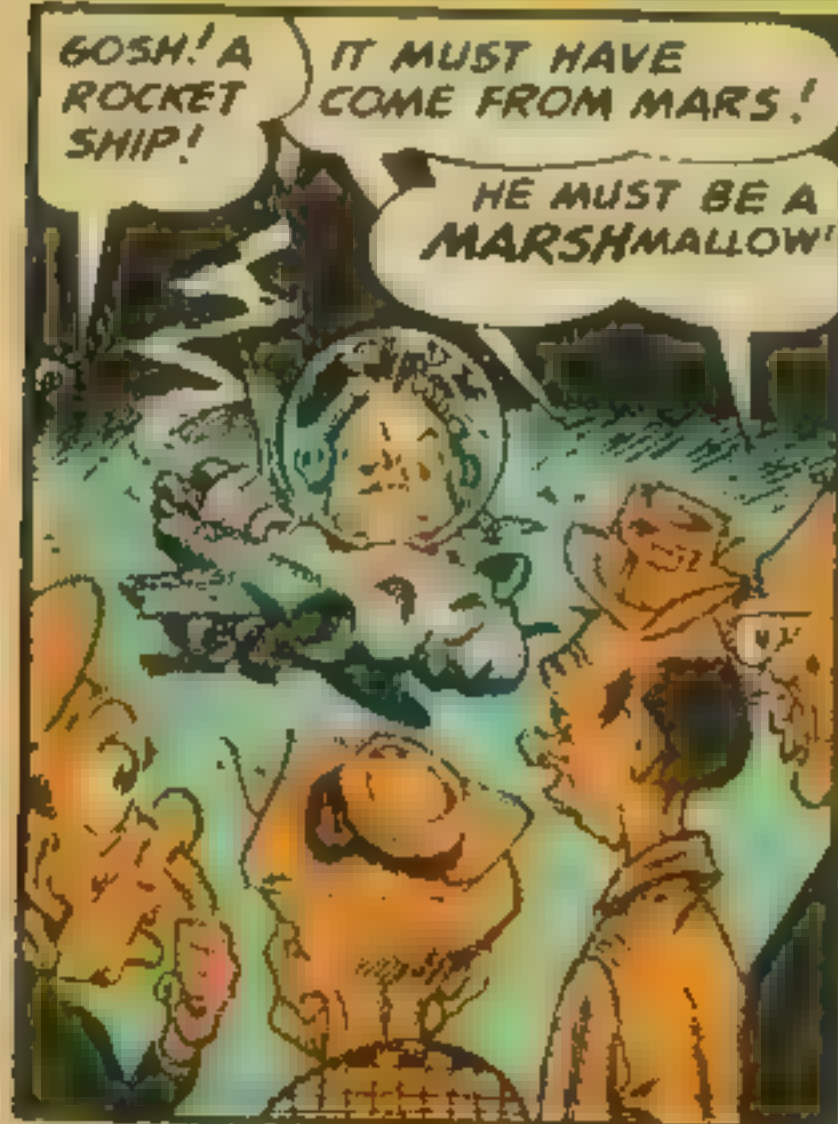
Oh, yes!! The happy Bazinskis are now living in the heart of New York . . . near Radio City! They are waiting anxiously for their little boy's *second* set of teeth to cut gum!

SCIENCE-FICTION DEPT.: *NIGHT!* A MIGHTY, GLEAMING SPACE-SHIP SWOOPS GRACEFULLY OUT OF THE STARRY SKY MAKING A GENTLE LANDING ON THE NEVADA SANDS! INSIDE, GLARF KERFNICK, MARTIAN, SITS, SHAKING AND HAGGARD FROM HIS ESCAPE FROM THE ...

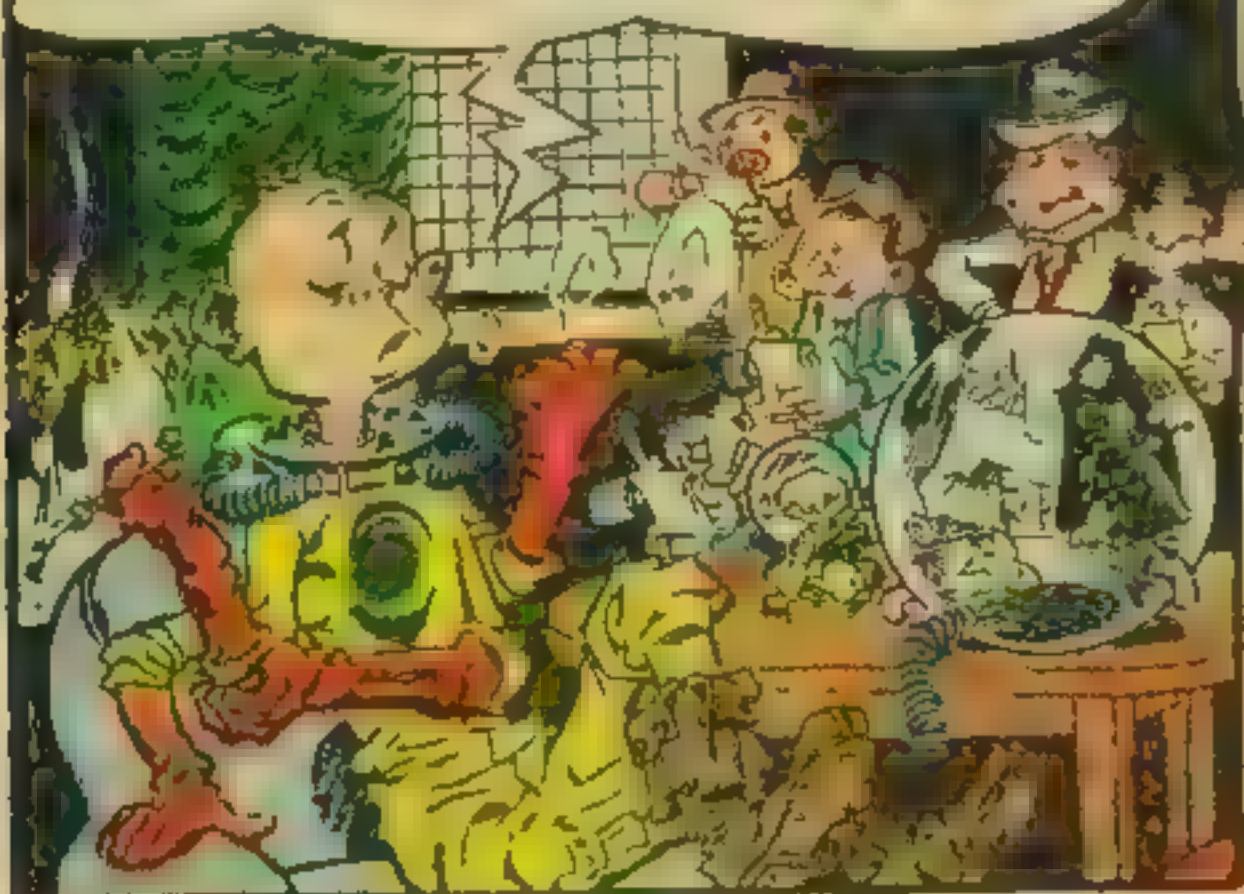
GOOKUM!



Michael Wood



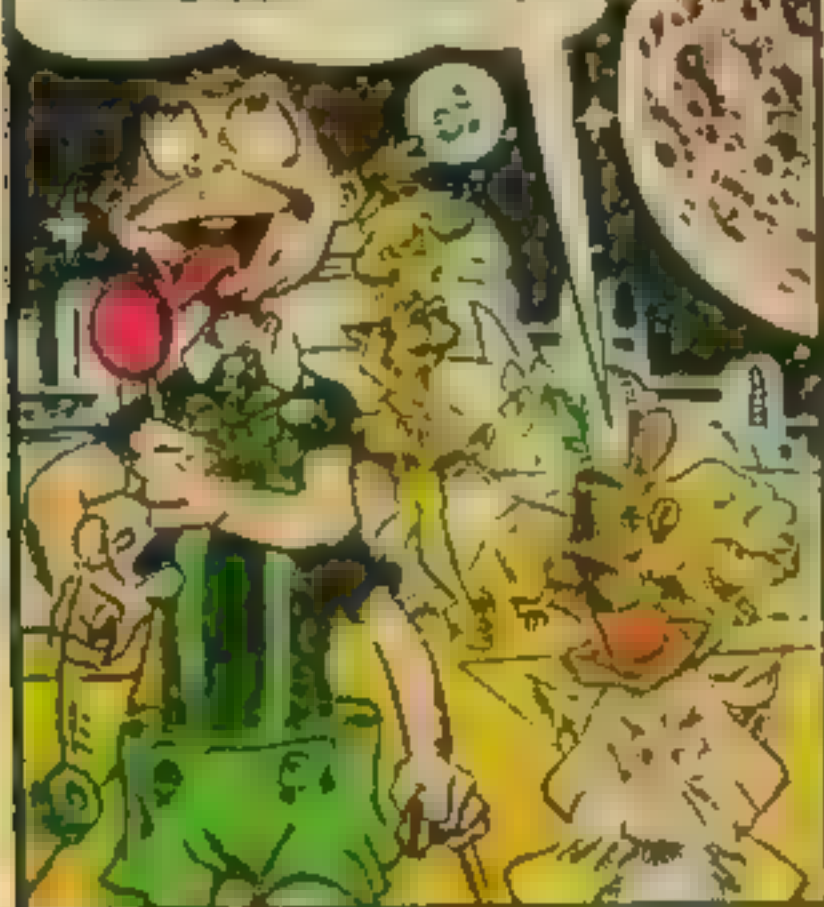
AAAH! THIS IS BETTER! IF YOU REPORTERS WILL EXCUSE ME, I'LL TELL YOU MY STORY WHILE I EAT! WAITER! LET ME HAVE SOME STEWED MOMMY ARTS AN' FRIED JAMBO LEAVES!



MY STORY STARTS AS A HAPPY YOUTH STROLLING ALONG THE GOWANUSBLARE CANAL IN THE LITTLE MARTIAN CITY OF BROOKLYNGLARE WITH MY GRANDFATHER!



COME, LITTLE GLARF! IT IS TIME TO TELL YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE... TO TELL YOU OF THE GREAT WALL!



THE GREAT WALL... BUILT BY OUR ANCESTORS MANY YEARS AGO!



FOR THE FIRST TIME LITTLE GLARF, I SHALL TAKE YOU OUTSIDE THE GREAT WALL!

CHEE, GRANFODDER! THERE AIN'T **NOTHIN'** THIS SIDE OF THE GREAT WALL!



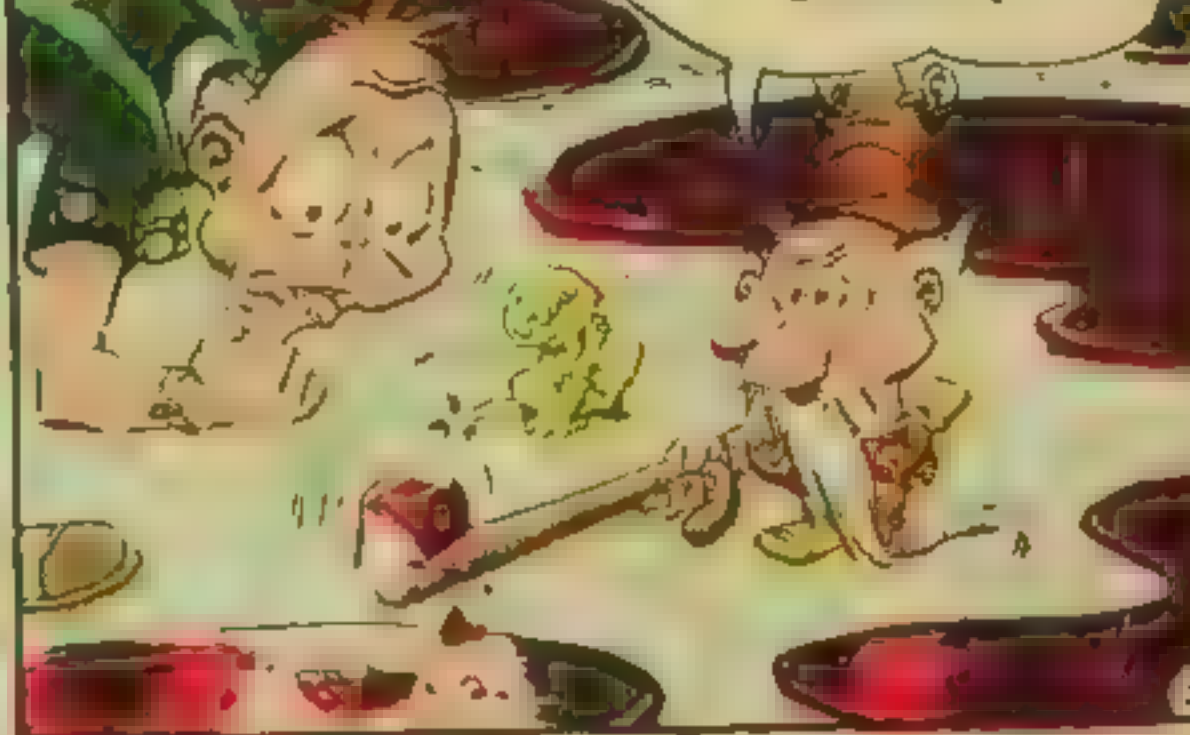
NOTHING, GLARF! N-NOTHING HERE GLARF! N-N-N-NOTHING BUT THE **GOOKUM!**

M-MILES AND MILES OF SHIMMERING, JELLY-LIKE **PINK GOOKUM!** THIS IS WHY OUR ANCESTORS BUILT THE GREAT WALL, LITTLE GLARF! TO PROTECT US FROM THE **GOOKUM!**



I'M AFRAID I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU, GRANDFODDER!

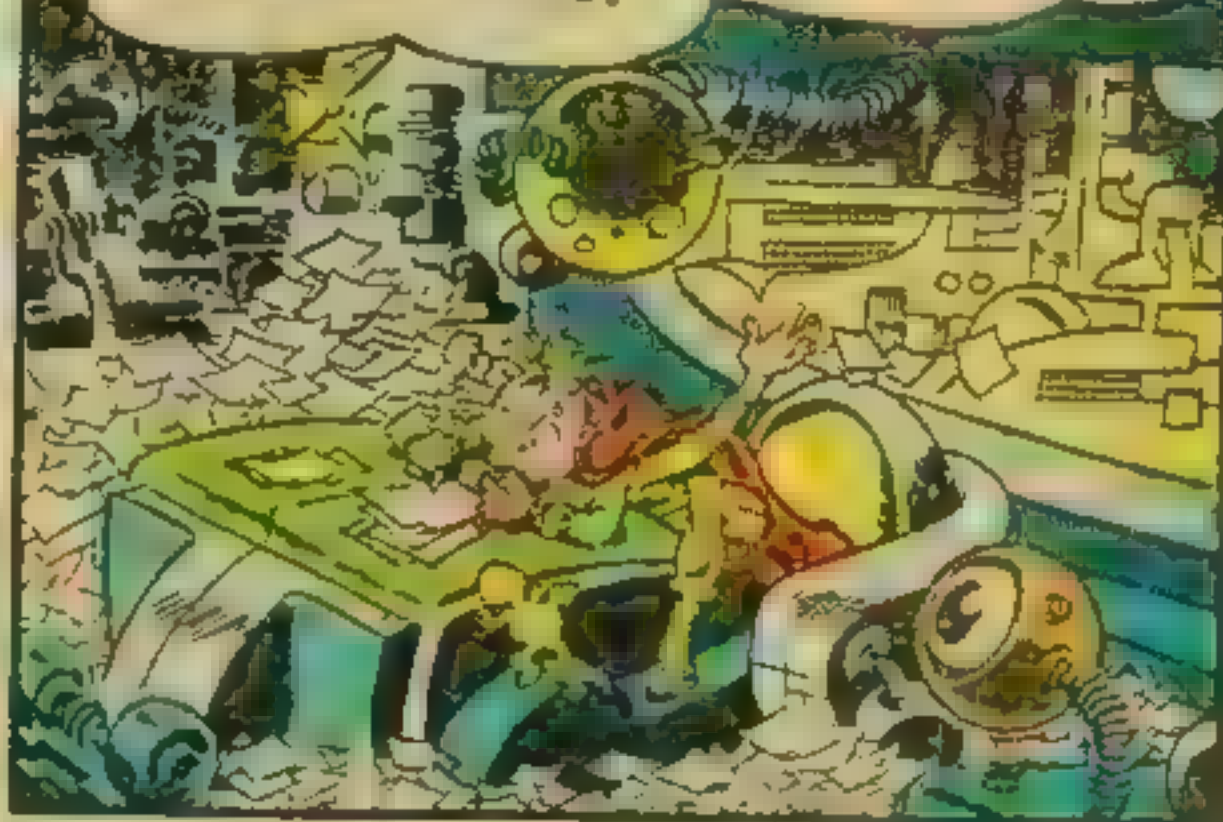
THIS GOOKUM LIVES, LITTLE GLARF! RIGHT NOW THE GOOKUM SLEEPS... LIES **DORMANT!** FOR 500 YEARS IT HAS SLEPT, BUT SOON IT WILL WALK AND COME AFTER US! THIS GOOKUM IS FANTASTIC LIKE A THING FROM **EARTH!**



AND SO I LIVED N THE LITTLE CITY OF
BROOKLYNGLARF ON THE GOWANUSGLARF CANAL!
AS I GREW NTO MANHOOD I DECIDED TO
BE A PHYSICIST!



BEING A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT STUDENT,
INTERESTED IN THE FUTURE WELFARE OF MY
PLANET, I DEVOTED ALL MY YME TO PERFECTING A
ROCKETSHIP THAT WOULD GET ME THE NECK
OUTTA THERE IN CASE THE GOOKUM CLIMBED
THE GREAT WALL!

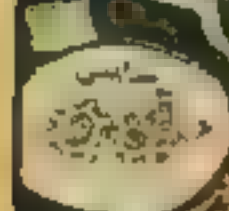


Z PLUS ONE...
MOVE THE
DECIMAL
POINT...

DON'T FORGET!
THE X-FACTOR!

A MINUS THE
SQUARE ROOT!
EQUALS ZIBBEN
UND TZVONTZIK!

$E=MC^2$

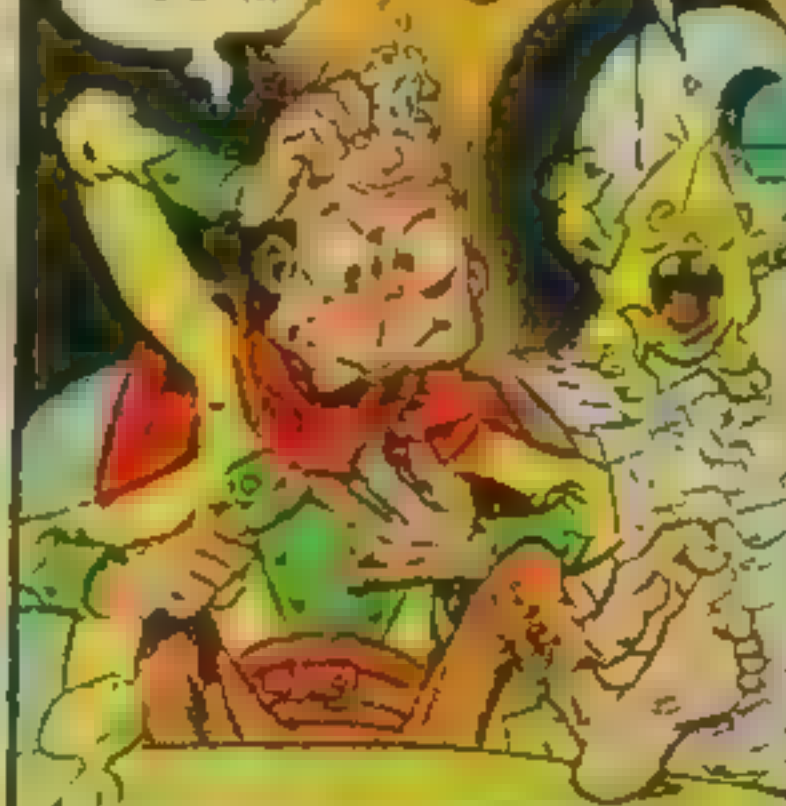


Gookum
Gookum



PLUS THE
SQUARE ROOT...
ZOOT SUIT...
ROOTY
TOOT
TOOT...

GLARF!
GLARF!

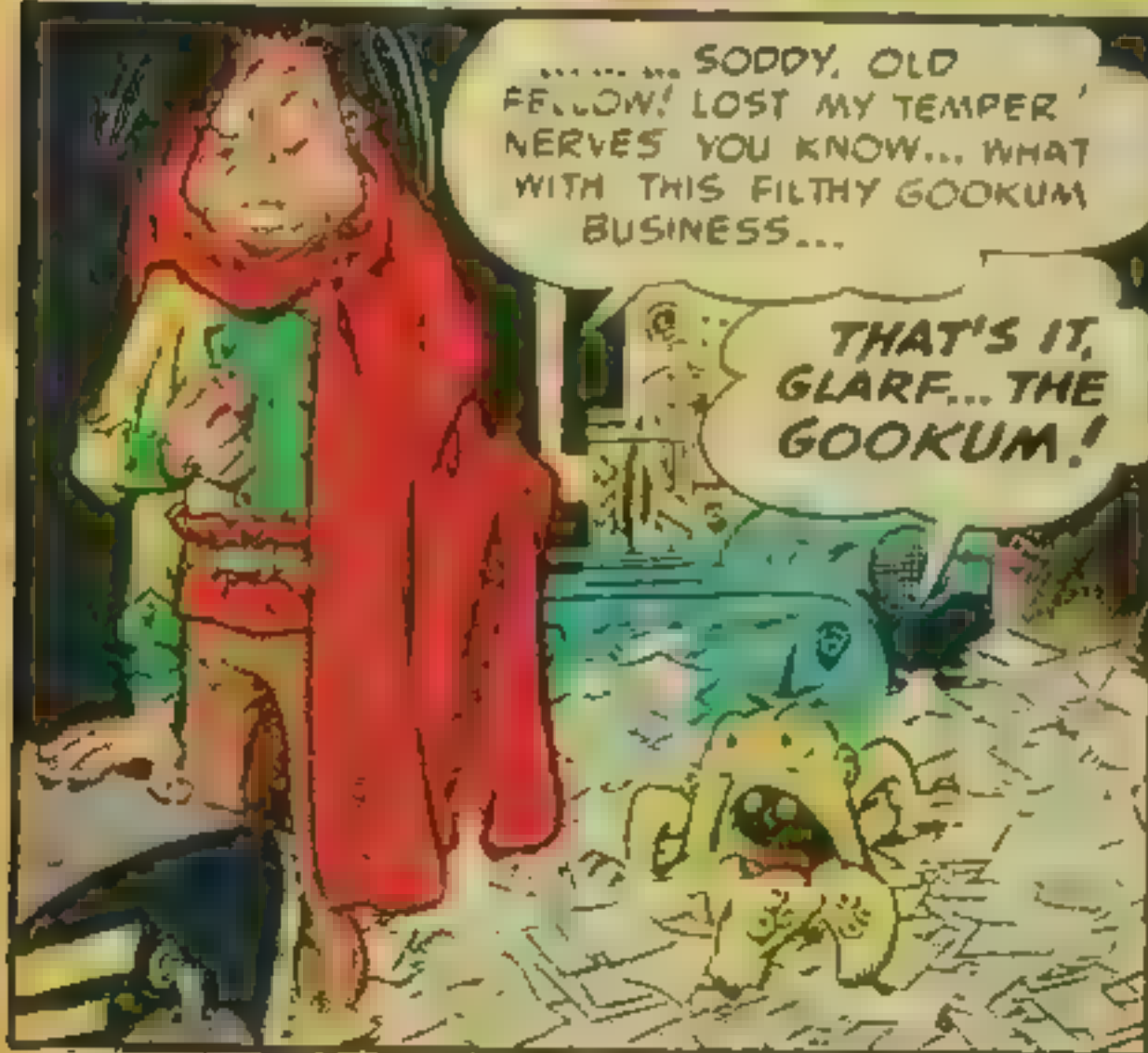


BLAST IT, MAN!
HOW MANY TIMES
HAVE I TOLD
YOU, MELVIN, NOT
TO INTERRUPT
ME WHILE I'M
THINKING?



..... SODDY, OLD
FELLOW! LOST MY TEMPER
NERVES YOU KNOW... WHAT
WITH THIS FILTHY GOOKUM
BUSINESS...

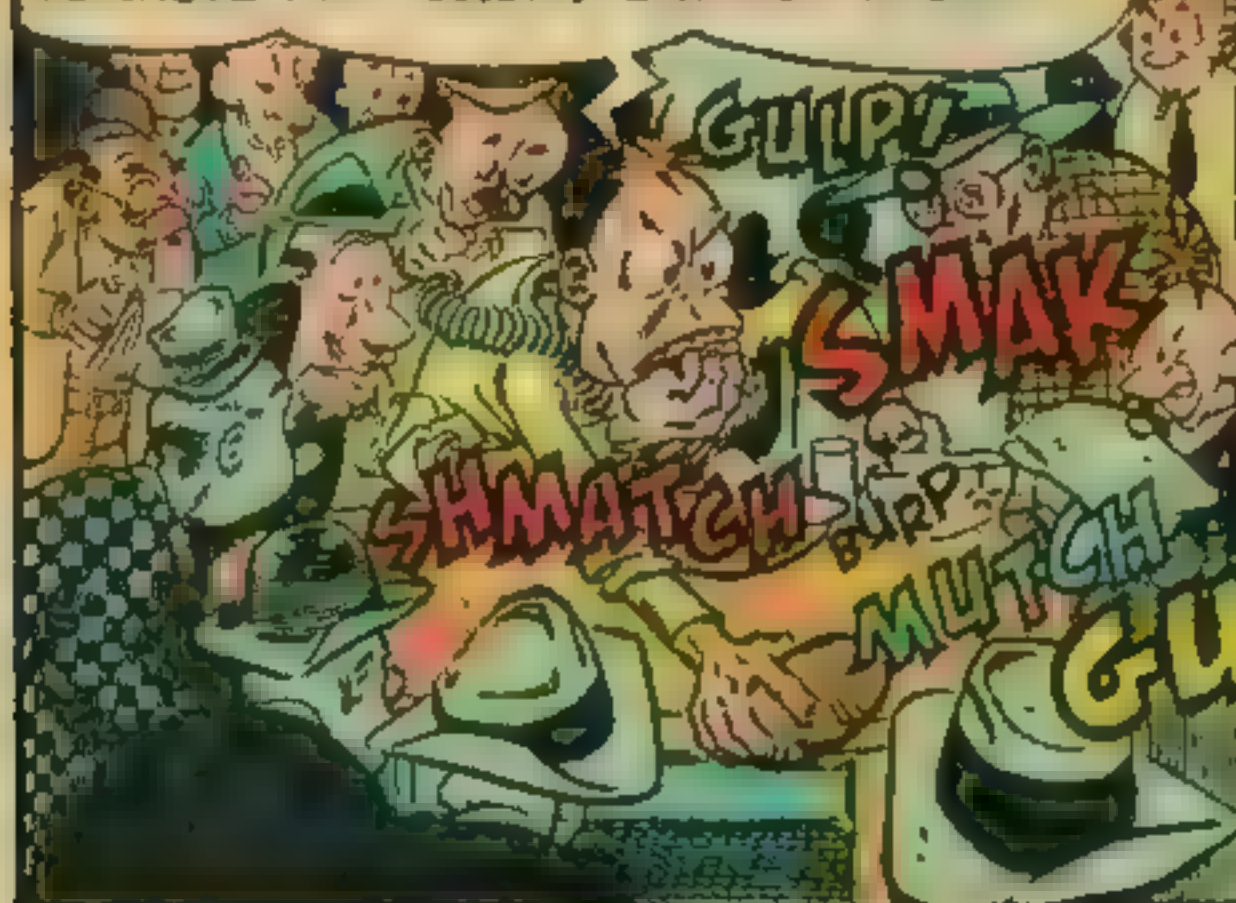
THAT'S IT,
GLARF... THE
GOOKUM!



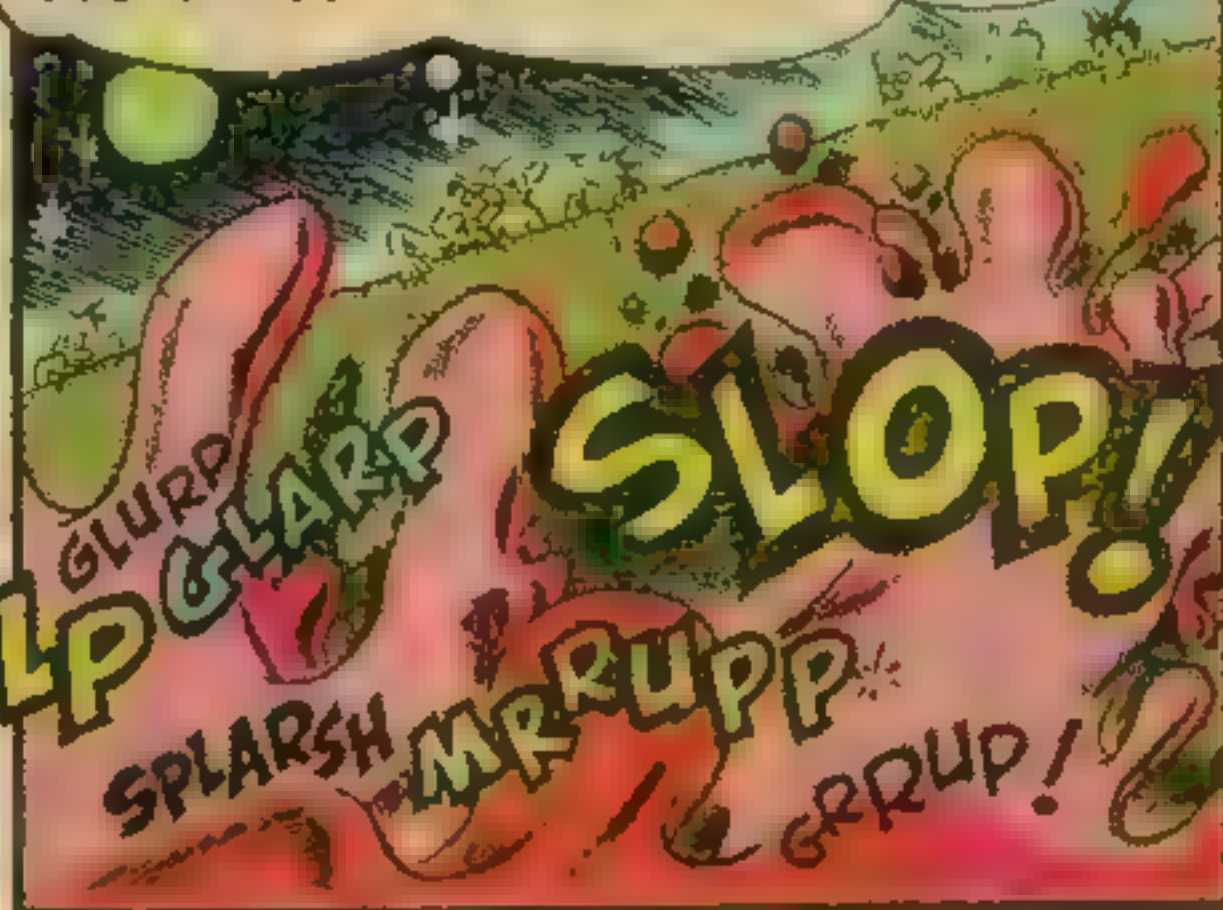
THE 500 YEARS ARE
UP! THE GOOKUM!
IT'S BEGINNING
TO STIR!



...THE GOOKUM WAS BEGINNING TO STIR!...YES!THE VAST SHIMMERING PINK POOLS OF SHINY GOOKUM NOW BEGAN TO THROB AND QUIVER... BEGAN TO MOVE IN A GREAT SLIMY GLOB...



...MOVED AND BEAT AGAINST THE SECRET INSULATION OF THE GREAT WALL!AND SOME-HOW... A TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM GOT PAST THE WALL!



LOOK! IT MUST BE GOOKUM, 'CAUSE JAM DON'T SHAKE LIKE THAT!

QUICK! GET IT!



I'LL SMASH IT WITH THIS CLUB!

NO! NOT WITH THAT WOODEN CLUB!



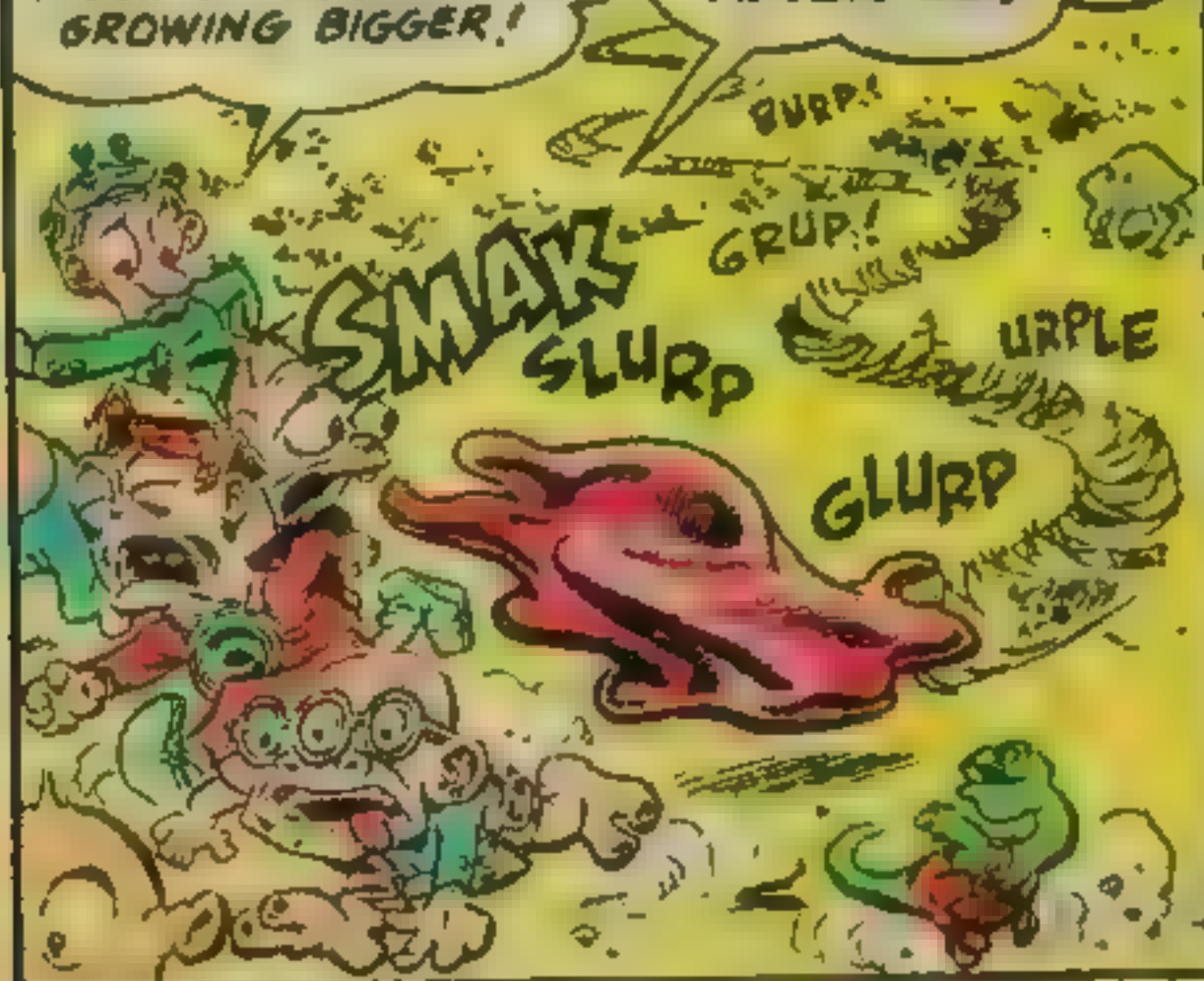
THE GOOKUM FEEDS ON ANYTHING ORGANIC!

LOOK! IT'S EATING THE CLUB!



THE TEENCHY WEENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM IS GROWING BIGGER!

IT'S Slobbering AFTER US!



HEAD FOR THE HILLS, BOYS!

WE'LL HAVE TO BUILD ANOTHER WALL!

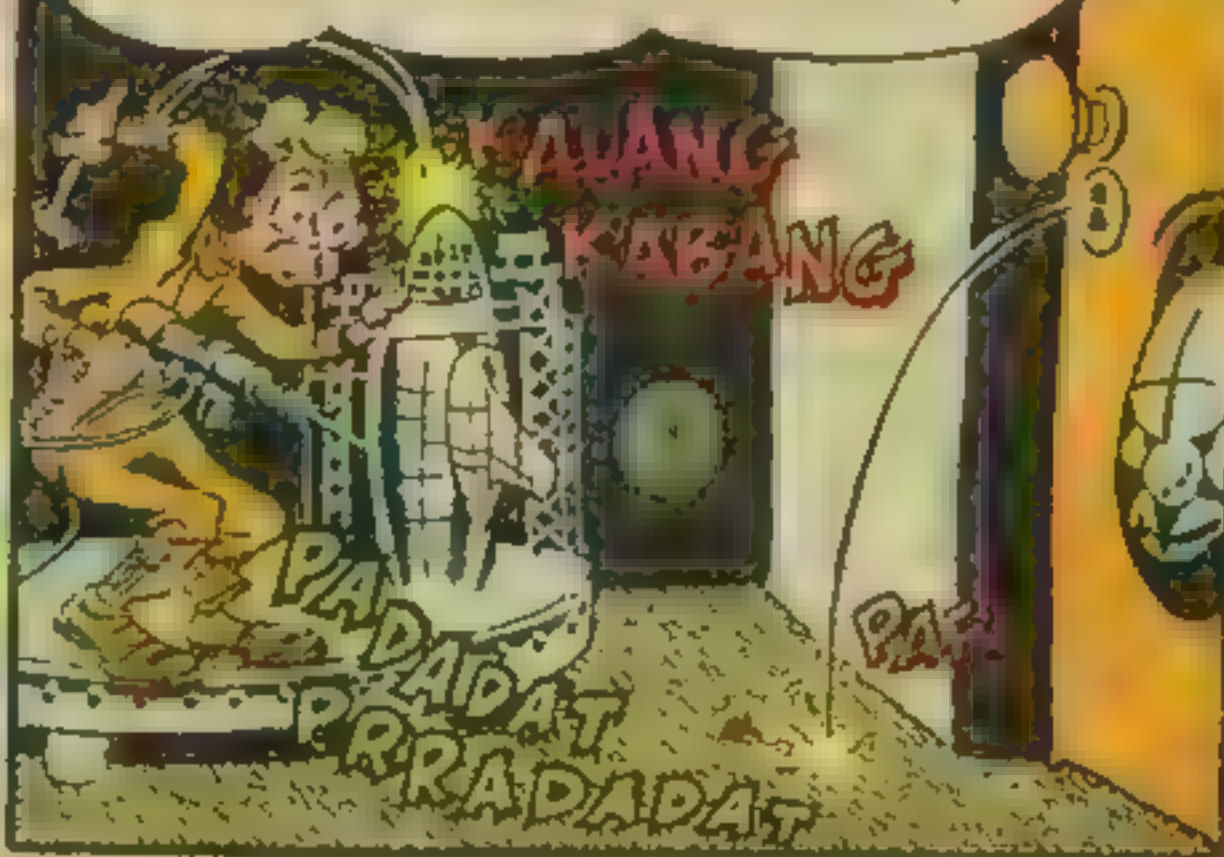
BROOKLYN-GLARF IS DOOMED!



AH YES!... SOON THIS GULPING, Slobbering, Globbering GOOKUM HAD SWALLOWED UP EVERYTHING BUT MY INSULATED LABORATORY!



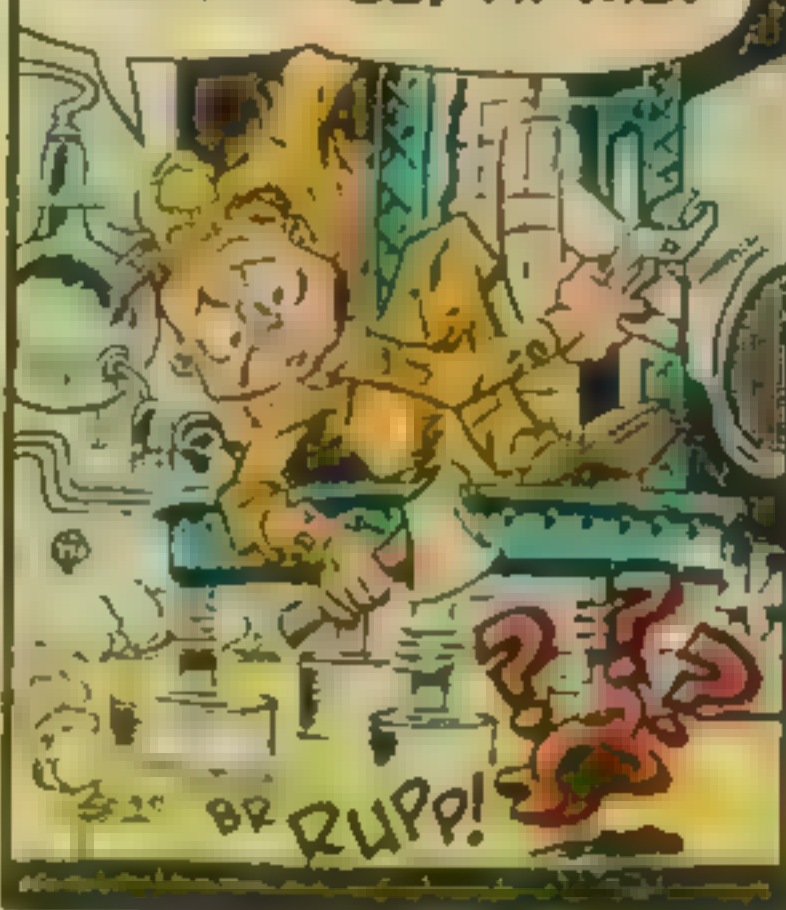
THERE I WORKED FEVERISHLY, PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON MY OWN ROCKET-SHIP! BUT AS I WORKED, A TEENCHY WEENCHY KEENCHY EENCHY PIECE OF GOOKUM SQUEEZED THROUGH THE KEYHOLE!



LOOK AT THAT GOOKUM, EATING EVERYTHING ORGANIC IN THE LABORATORY! I MUST FINISH MY ROCKETSHIP!



LOOK HOW IT CIRCLES MY INSULATED PLATFORM! IT'S THINKING... FIGURING OUT A WAY TO GET AT ME!



HORRORS! THE GOOKUM IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!

IT'S CLIMBING UP TO THE DOOR KNOB!



THERE! THE LAST PIECE OF MY ROCKET-SHIP IS IN PLACE!



NOW!... BLAST OFF



YES, GENTLEMEN! I
ESCAPED FROM THE GOOKUM
ON MARS ONLY BY THE
BAREST BIT OF
SHEER LUCK!



THE GOOKUM SHALL STAY
ON THE RAMPAGE FOR A
WHILE, AND THEN IT WILL
GO BACK TO SLEEP
AGAIN!



.. AND THEN IT WILL LIE IN FLAT
PINK SWIMMING POOLS,
INNOCENT AS A QUIET POND
OF WATER, NEVERTHELESS.
SINISTER DORMANT GOOKUM!



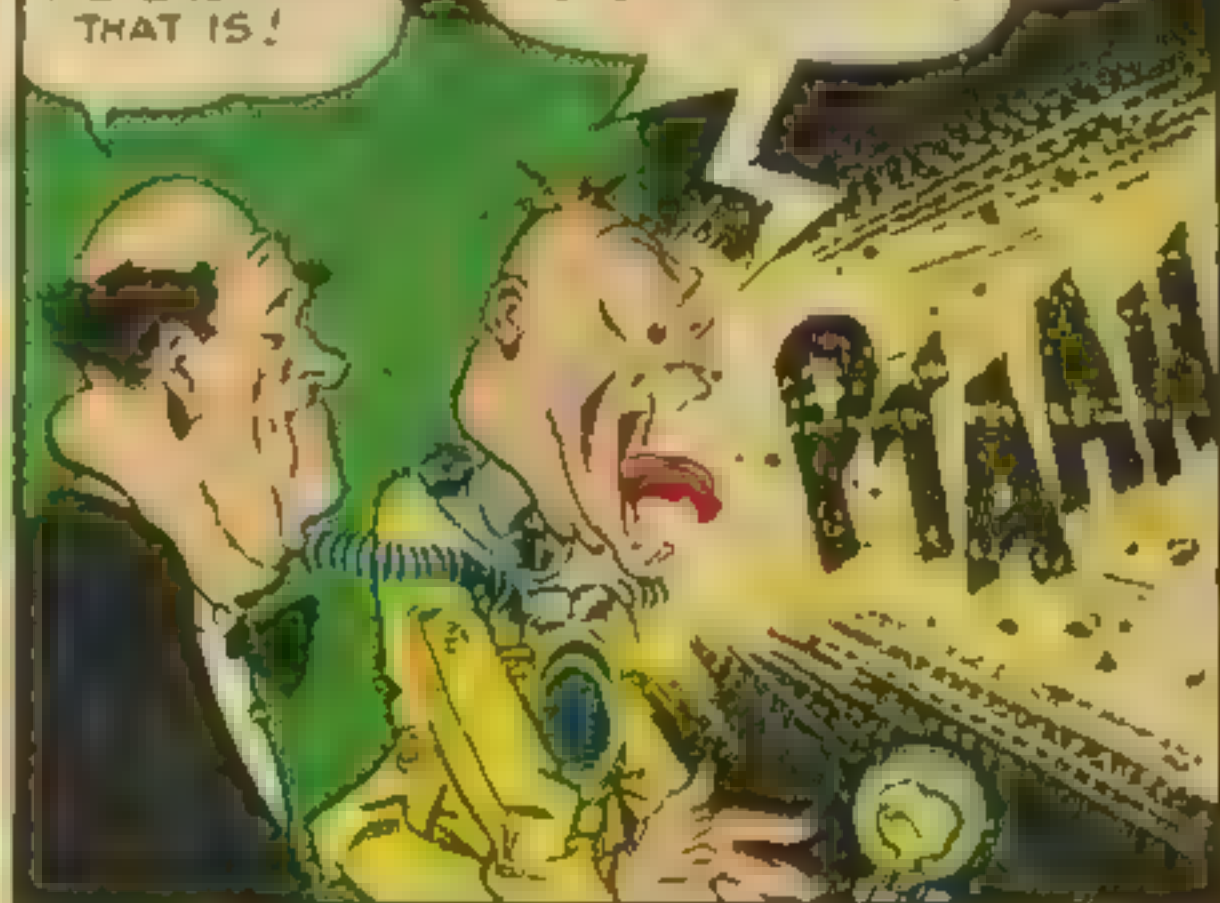
BUT, WHY TALK OF THAT! HERE
I AM, EATING A FINE EARTHIAN
MEAL!.. I SHALL LAUGH, HA
HA, AND BE HAPPY!.. THE
GOOKUM IS OUT OF MY
LIFE FOREVER!



HERE
IS YOUR
DESSERT
SIR!

CHERRY JELLO
PARFAIT... TOPPED
WITH AMERICAN
ICE CREAM...
THAT IS!

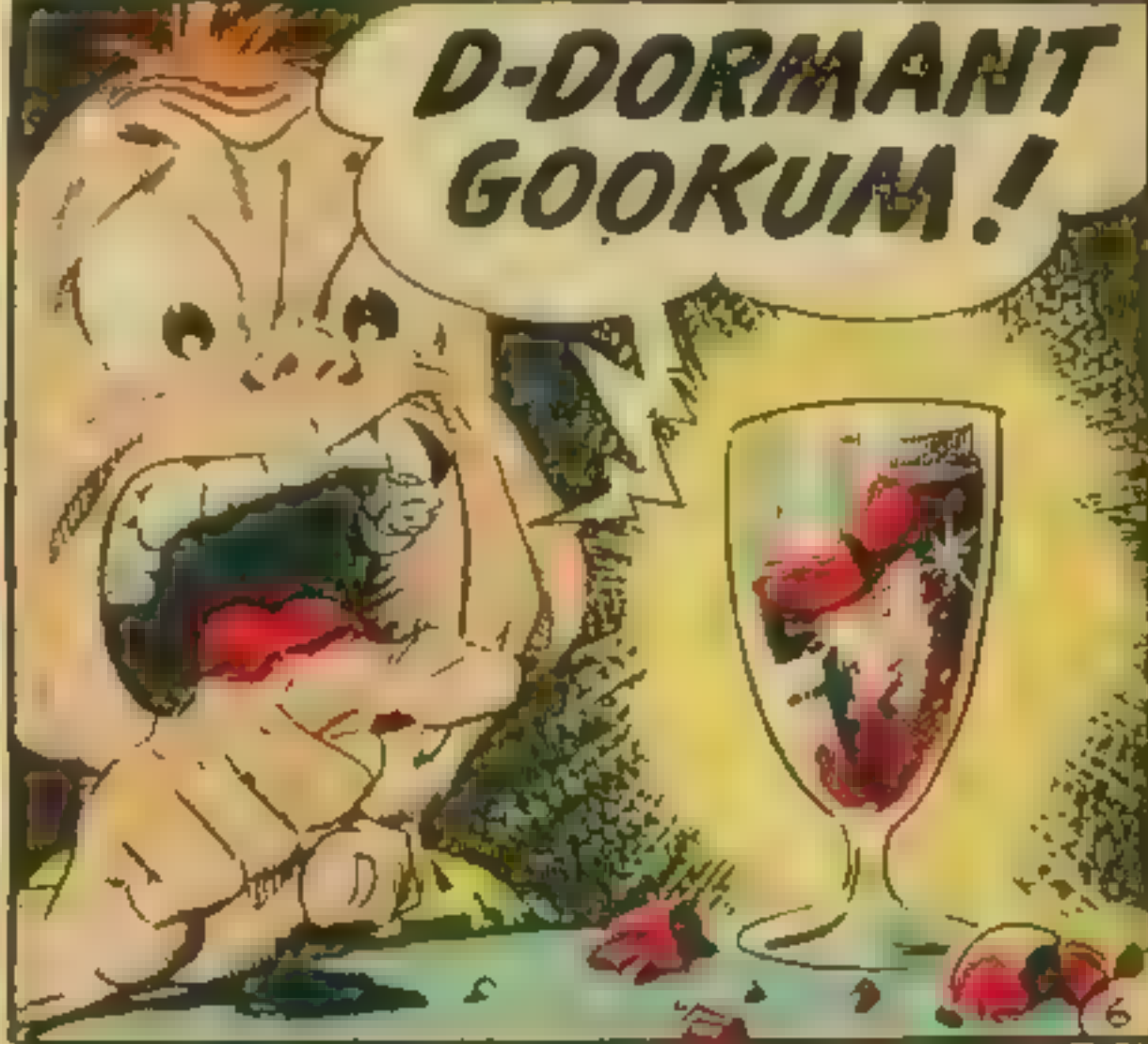
AAAAH... THIS HOW-YOU-
CALL IT... ICE CREAM
IS GOOD! NOW WHAT
IS UNDERNEATH...



THAT... HOW-YOU-CALL
IT... CHERRY JELLO
PARFAIT! HOW WE
CALL IT IN
MARS IS...

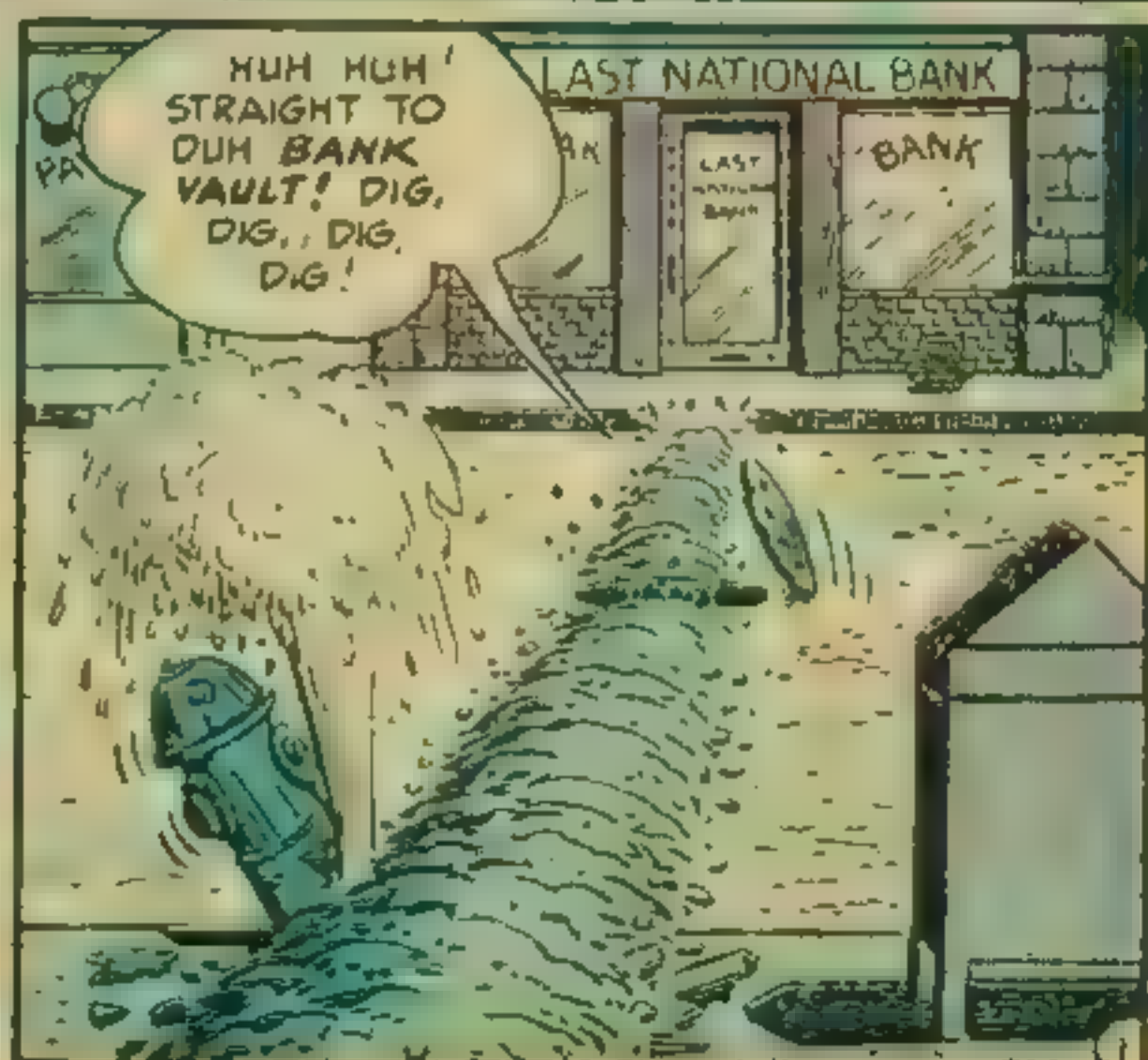


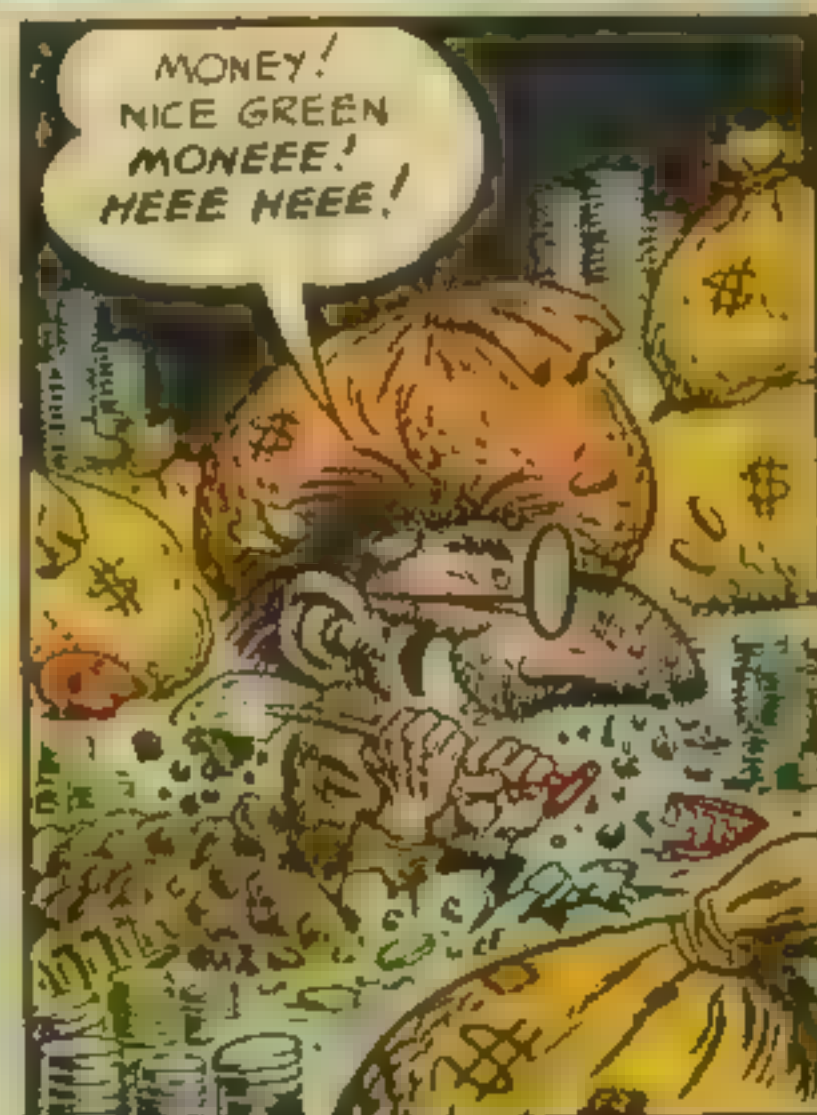
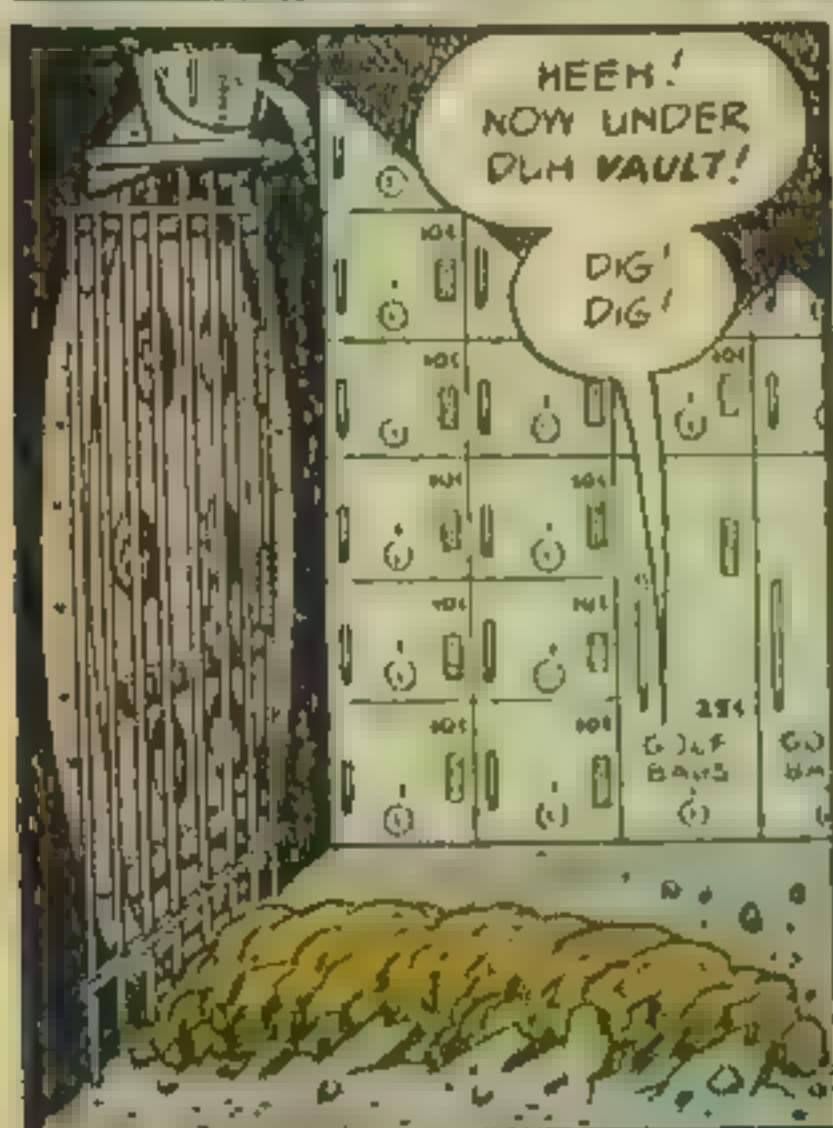
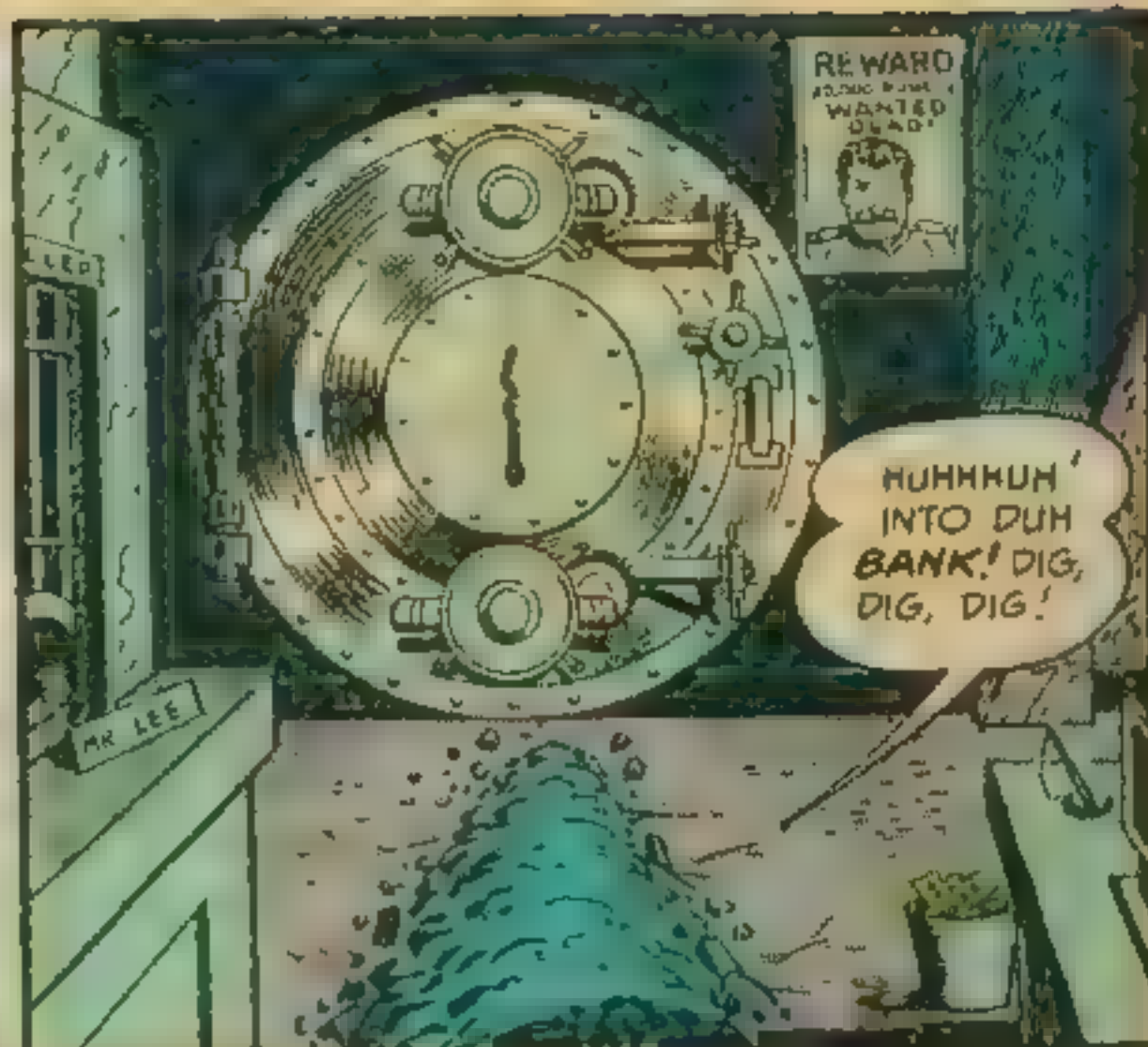
**D-DORMANT
GOOKUM!**

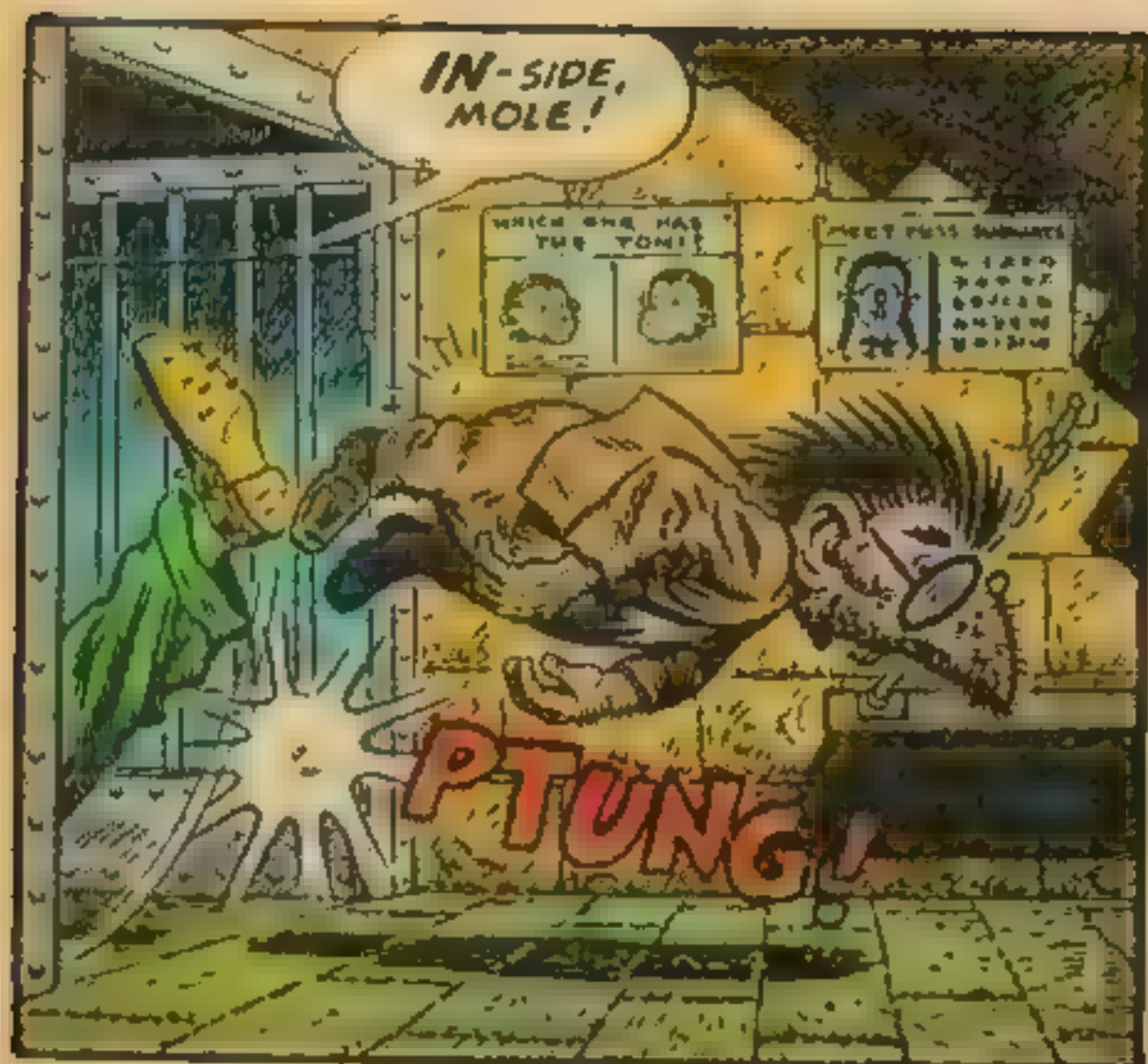


CRIME DEPT. ! ALL YOU OUT THERE WHO ASPIRE TO BE CRIMINALS... YOU WHO FOLLOW THE PATHS OF EVIL ! THIS STORY IS FOR YOU !.. THE STORY OF A FELLOW WHO DUG HIS WAY INTO BANK VAULTS... WHO DUG HIS WAY OUT OF JAILS. . AND WHO WOUND UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!...FELLOW BY NAME OF MELVIN

MOLE!

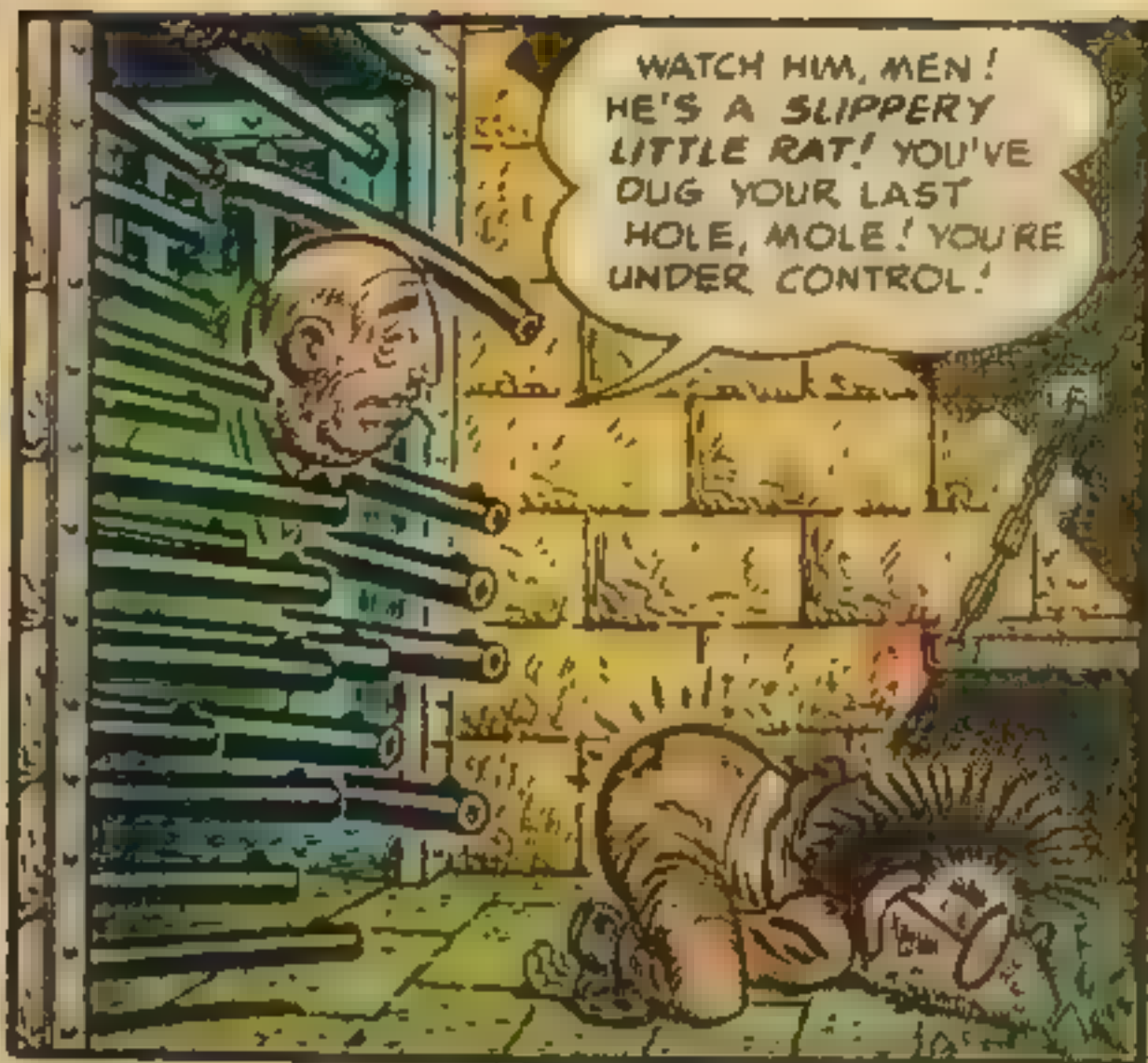




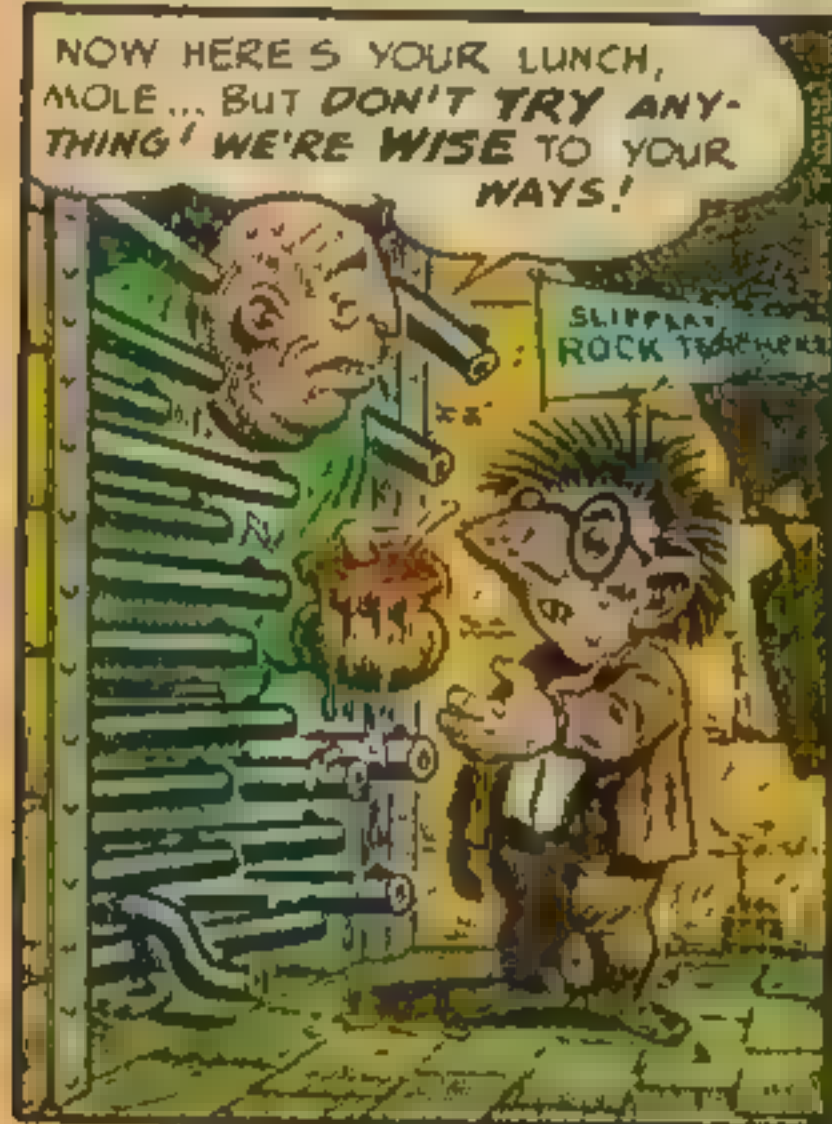


IN-SIDE,
MOLE!

PTUNG!

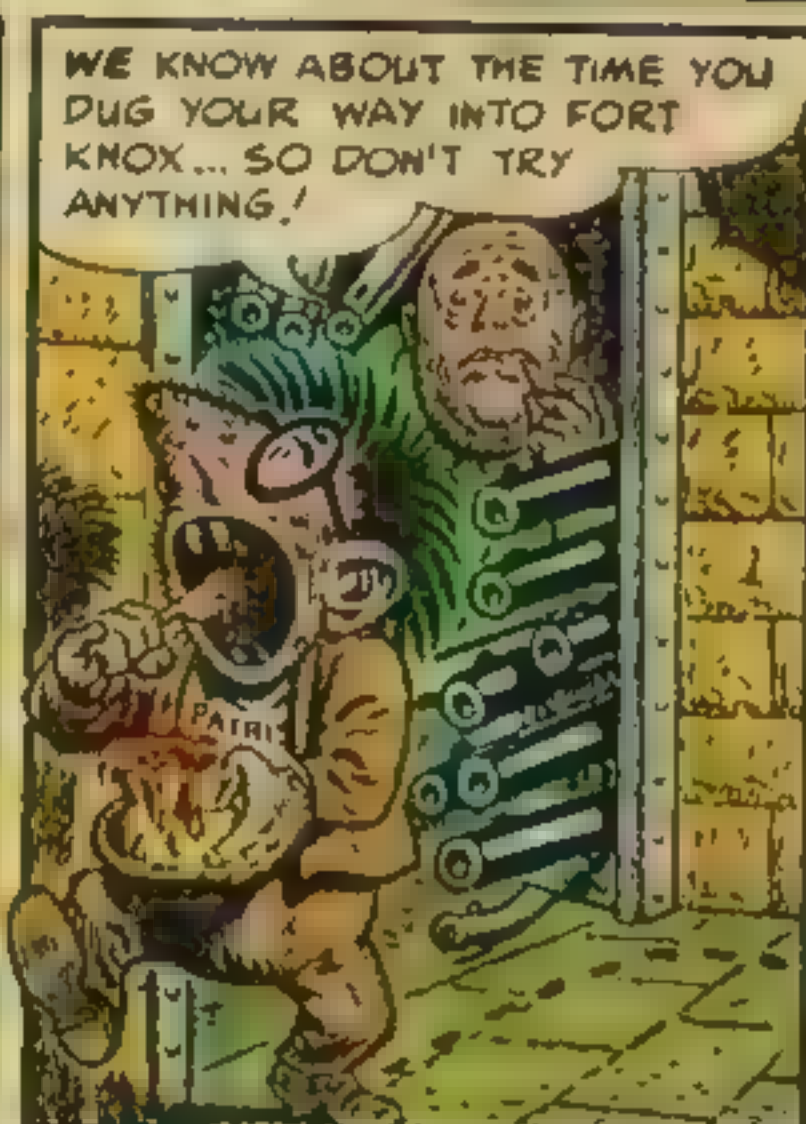


WATCH HIM, MEN!
HE'S A SLIPPERY
LITTLE RAT! YOU'VE
DUG YOUR LAST
HOLE, MOLE! YOU'RE
UNDER CONTROL!



NOW HERE'S YOUR LUNCH,
MOLE... BUT DON'T TRY ANY-
THING! WE'RE WISE TO YOUR
WAYS!

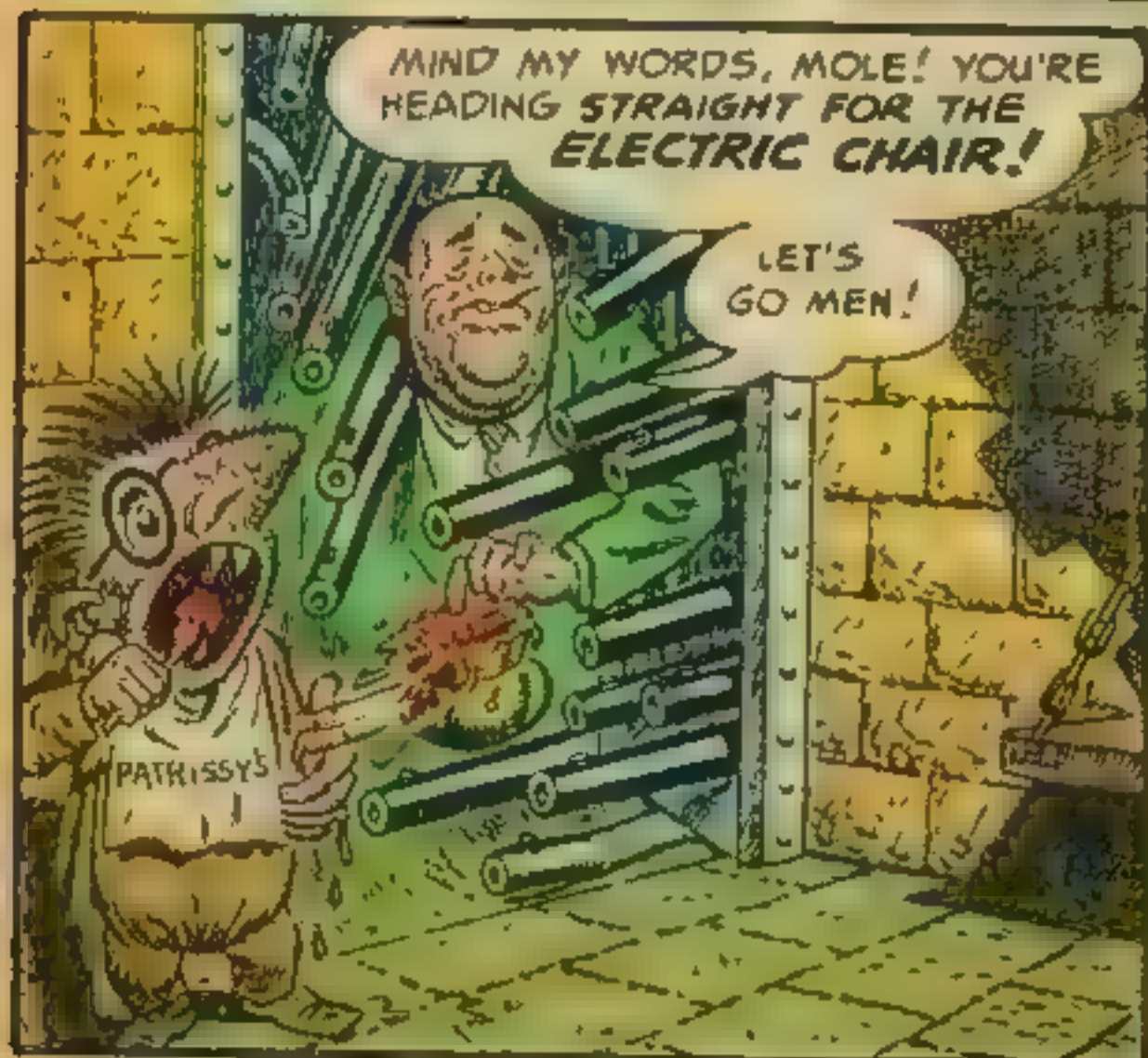
SLIPPERY
ROCK TEACHER!



WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME YOU
DUG YOUR WAY INTO FORT
KNOX... SO DON'T TRY
ANYTHING!



WE KNOW ABOUT THE TIME
YOU DUG YOUR WAY OUT OF
DEVIL'S ISLAND... SO DON'T
TRY ANYTHING!



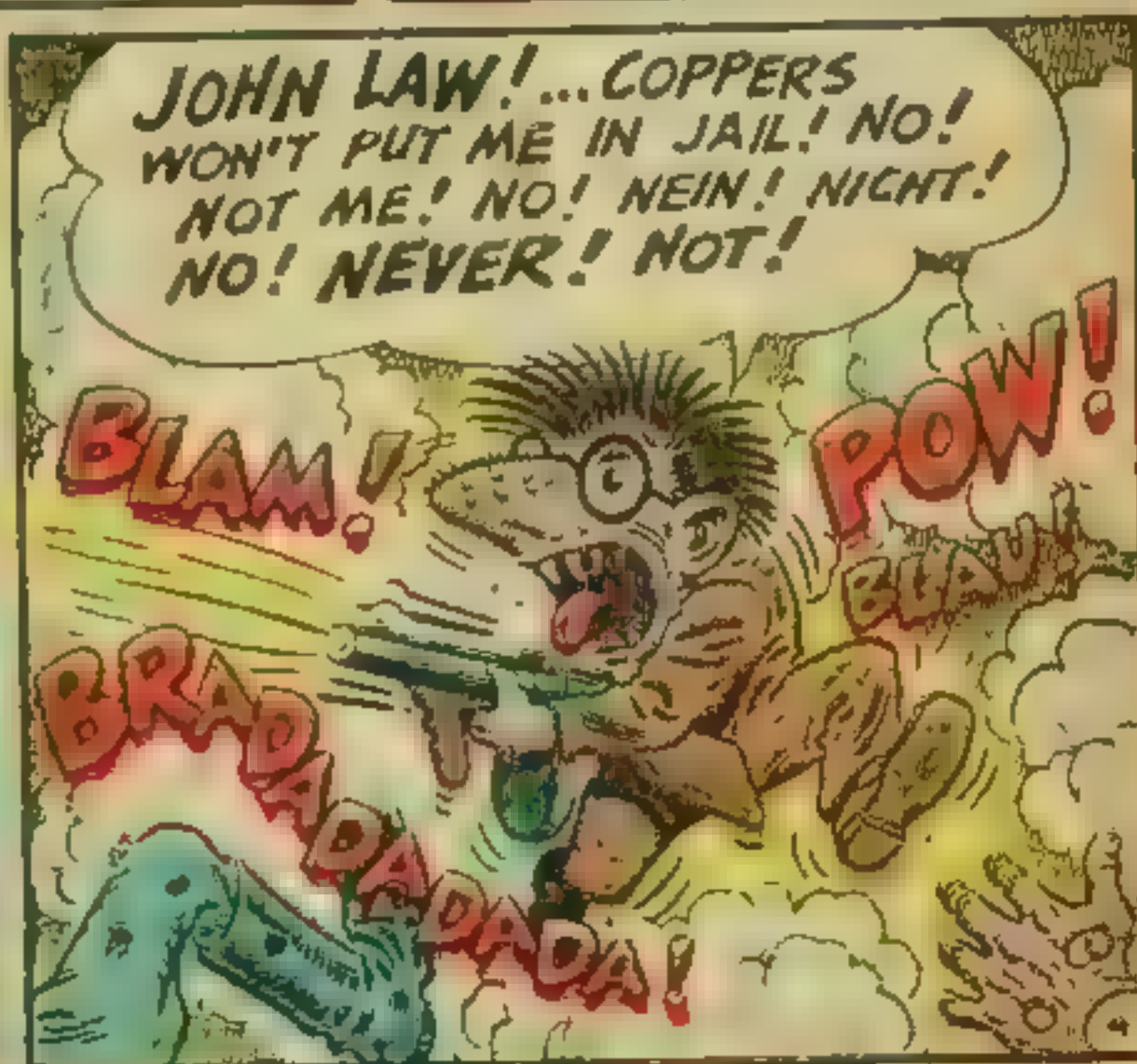
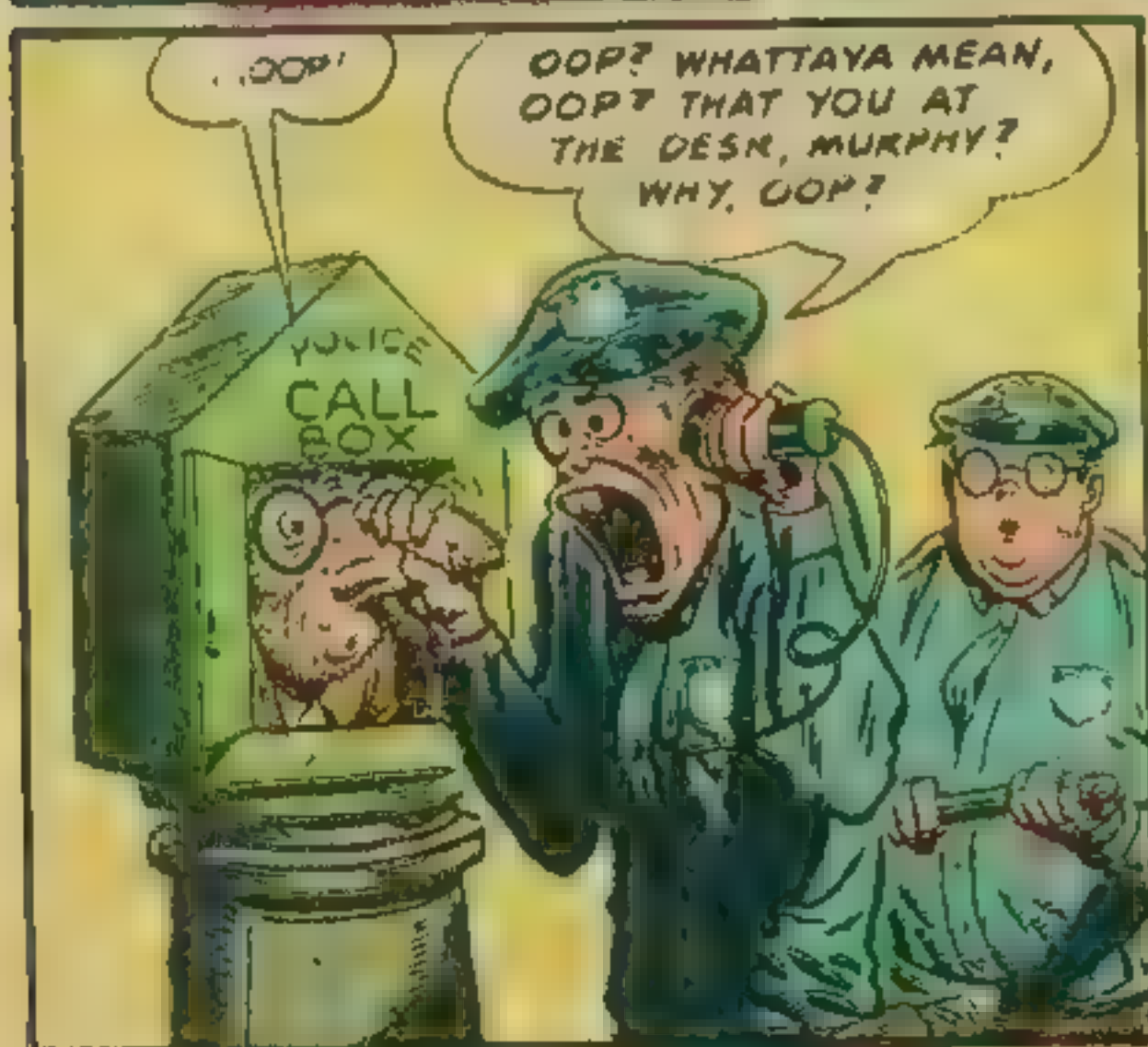
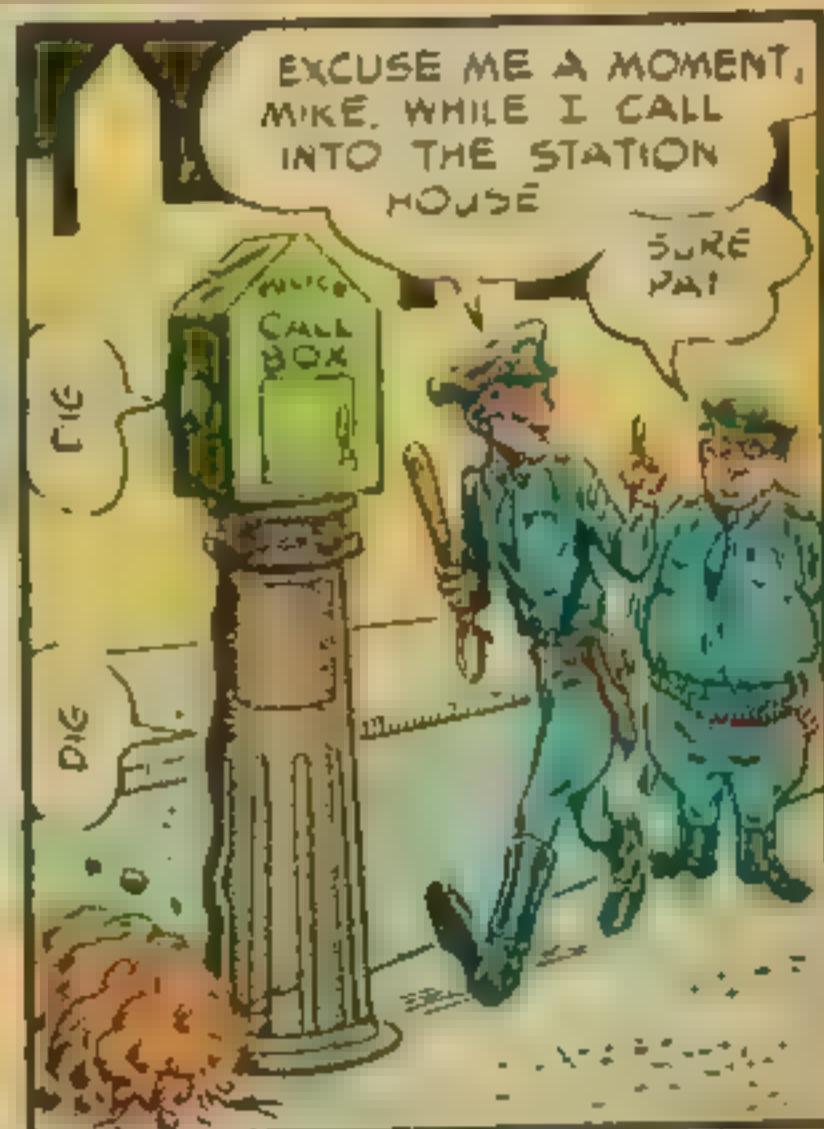
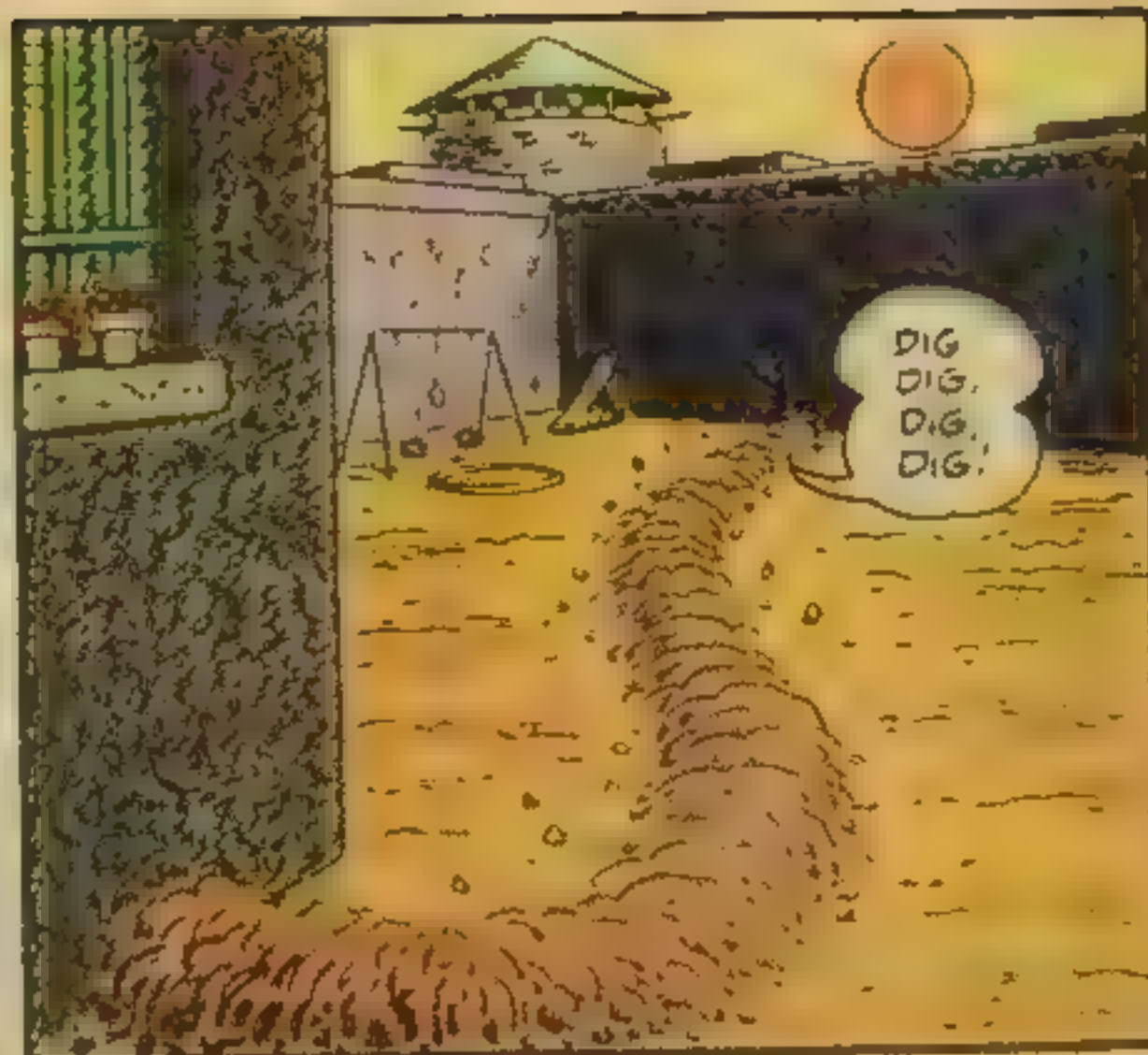
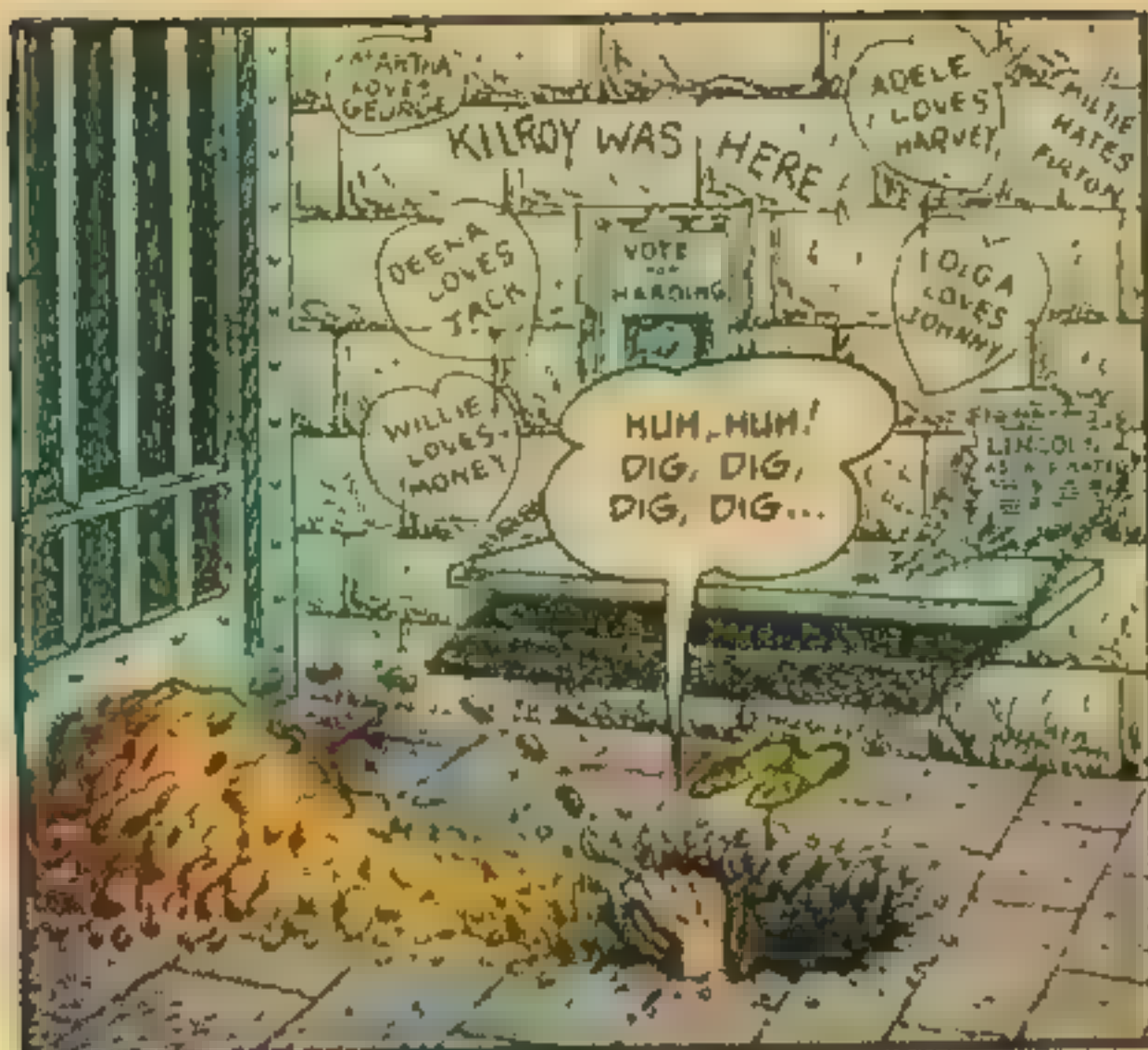
MIND MY WORDS, MOLE! YOU'RE
HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE
ELECTRIC CHAIR!

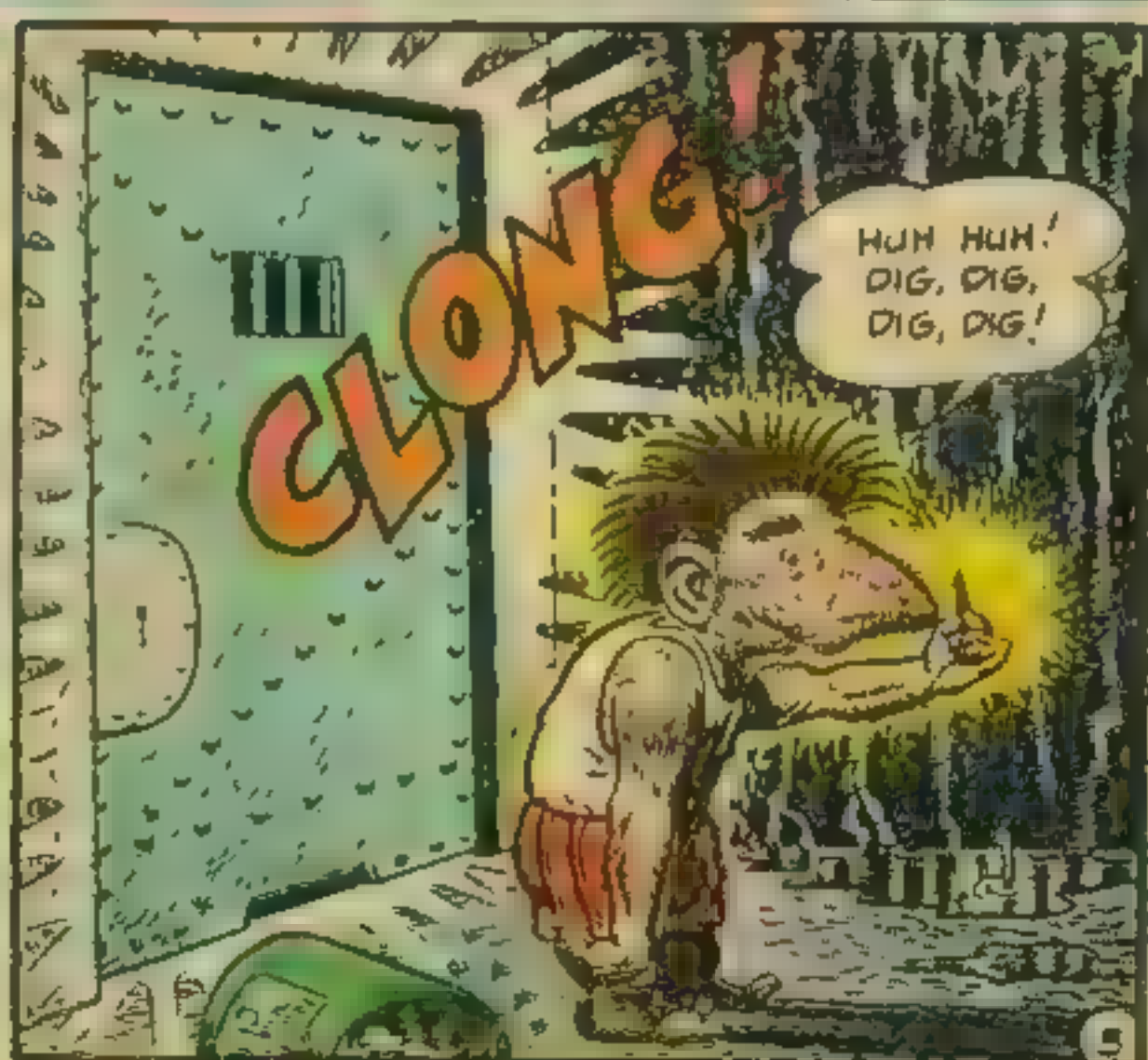
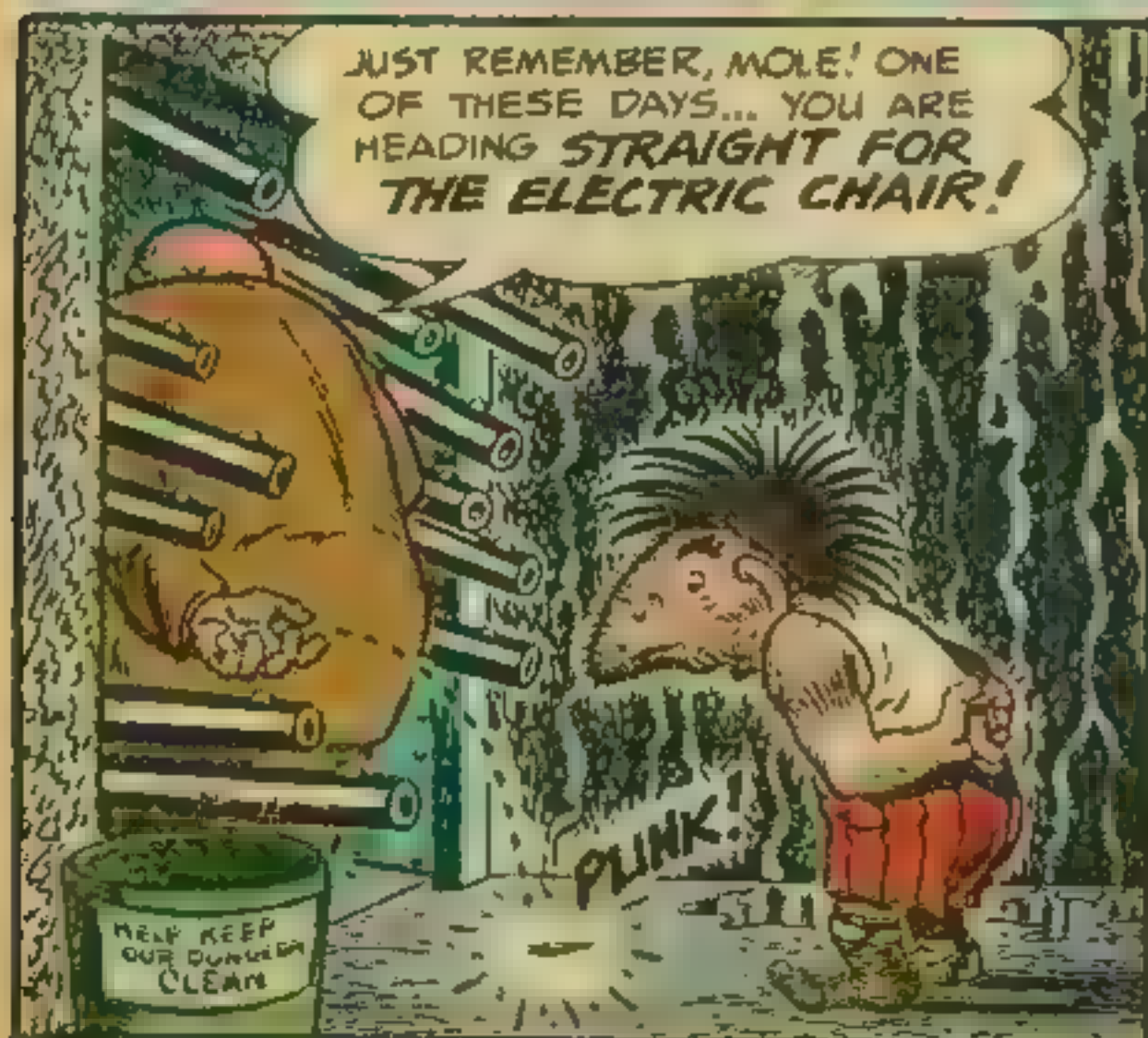
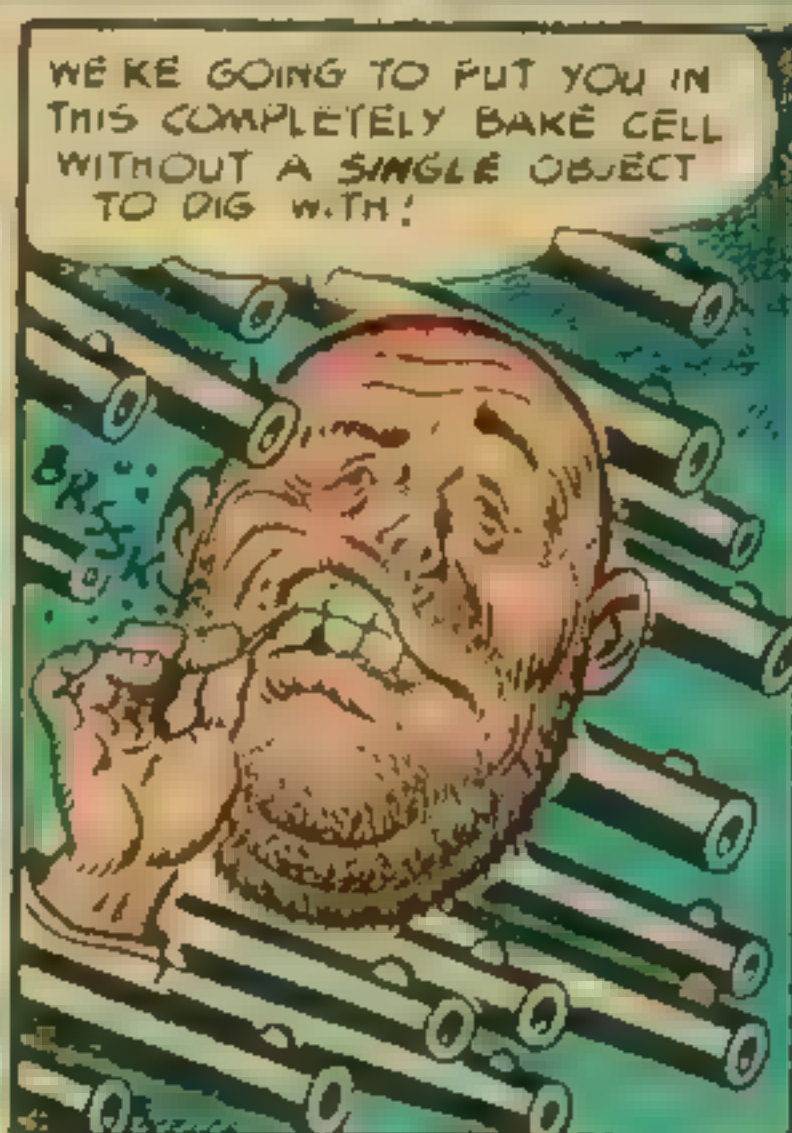
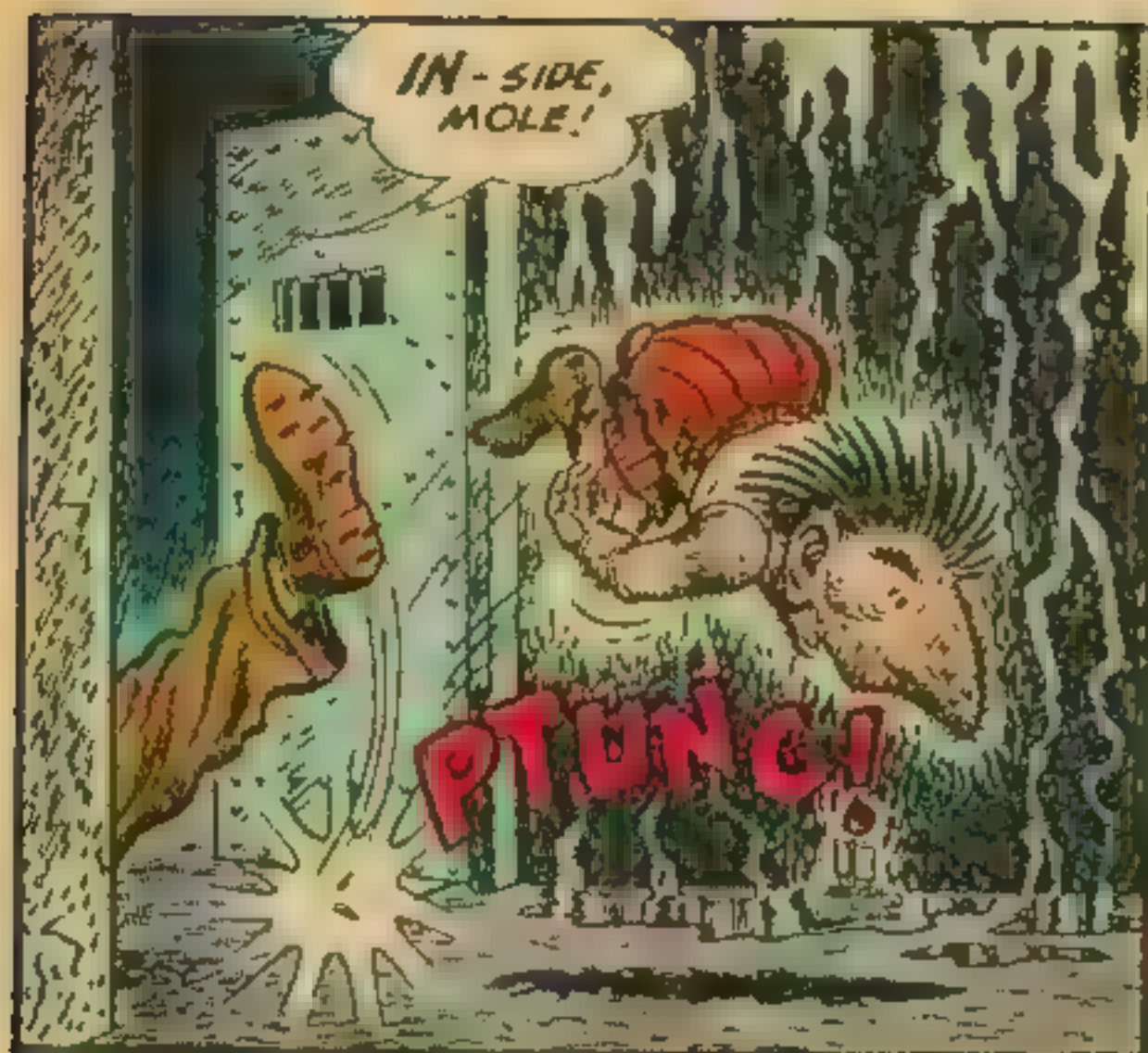
LET'S
GO MEN!

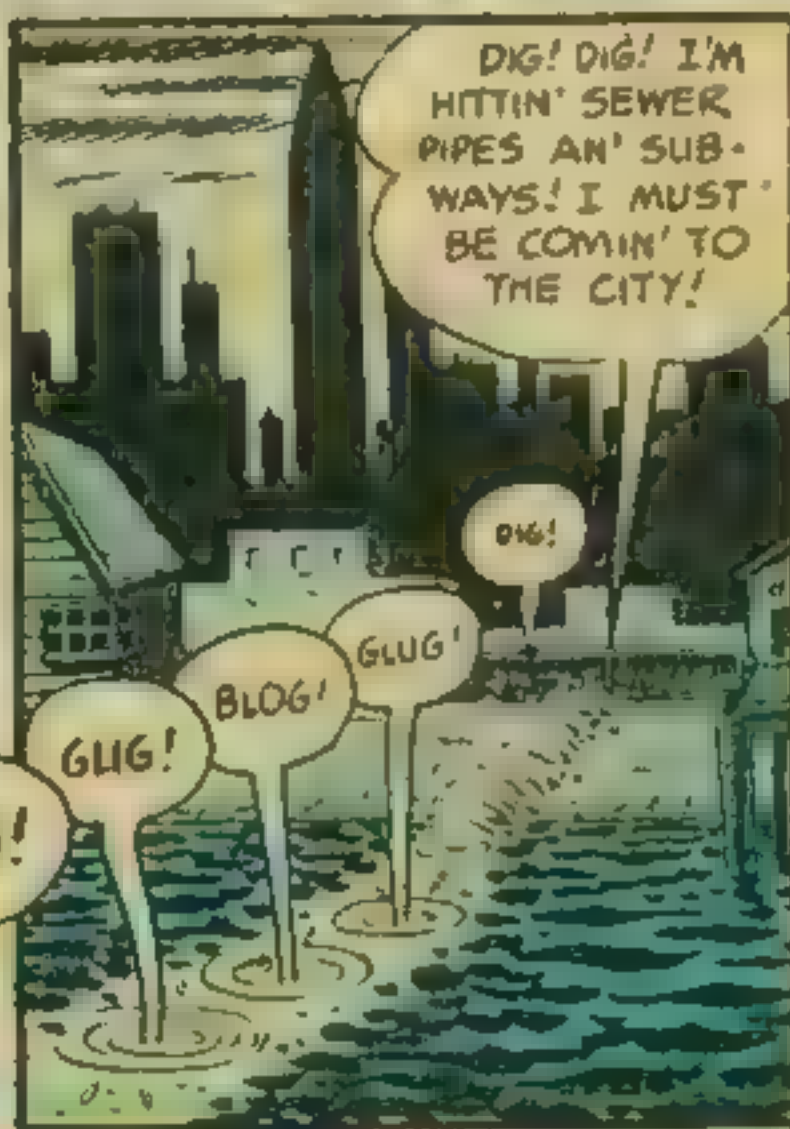
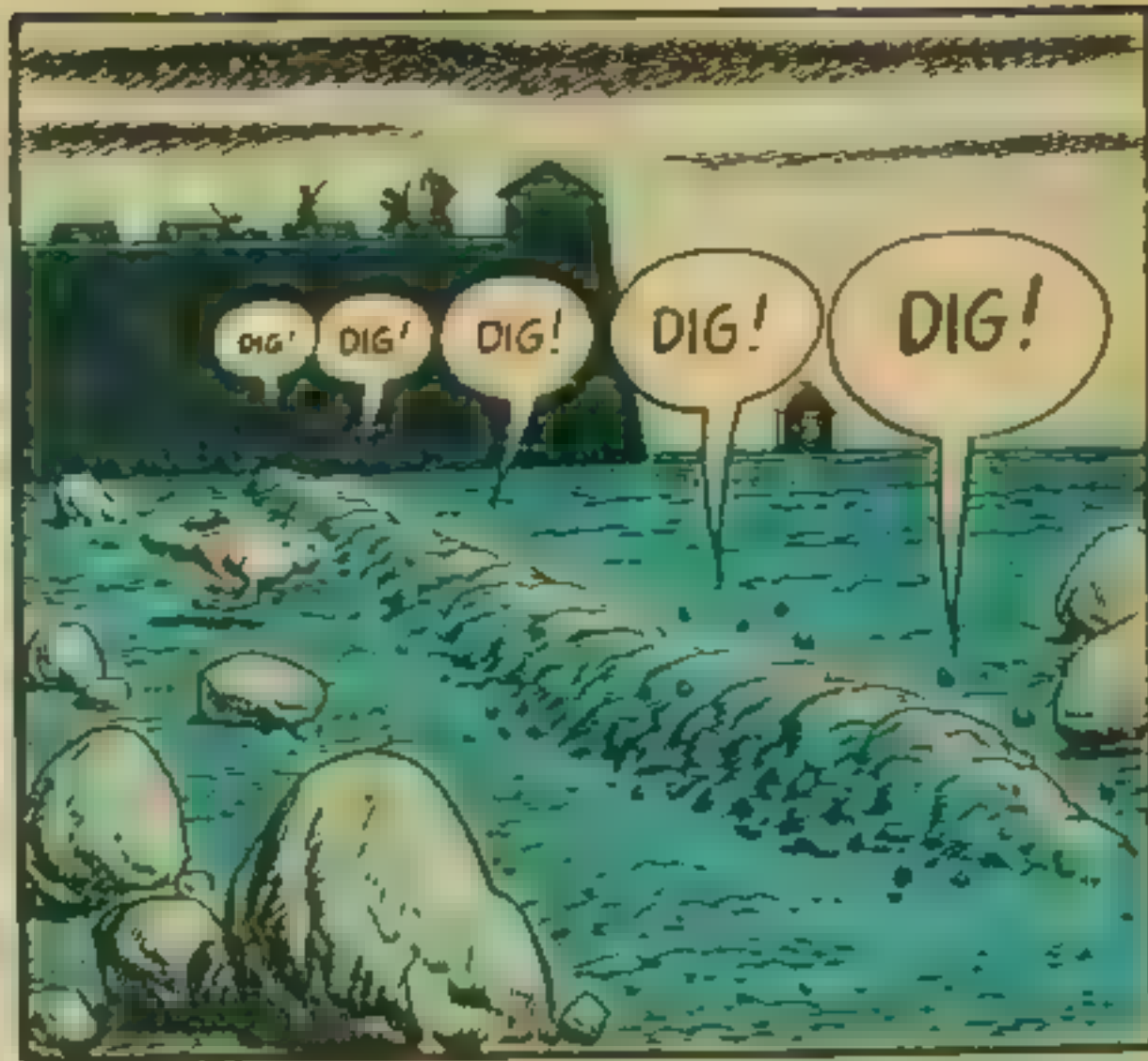
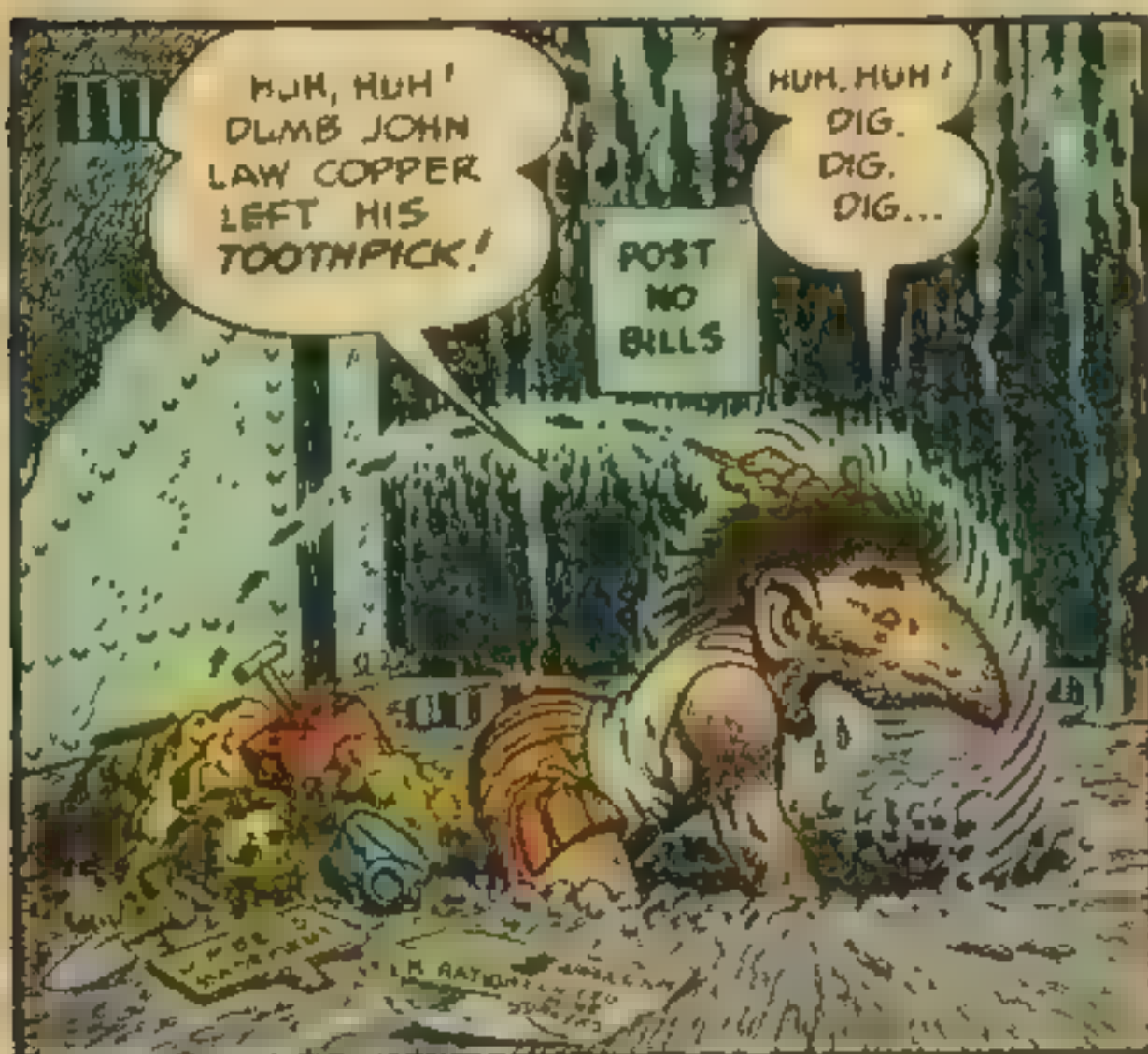


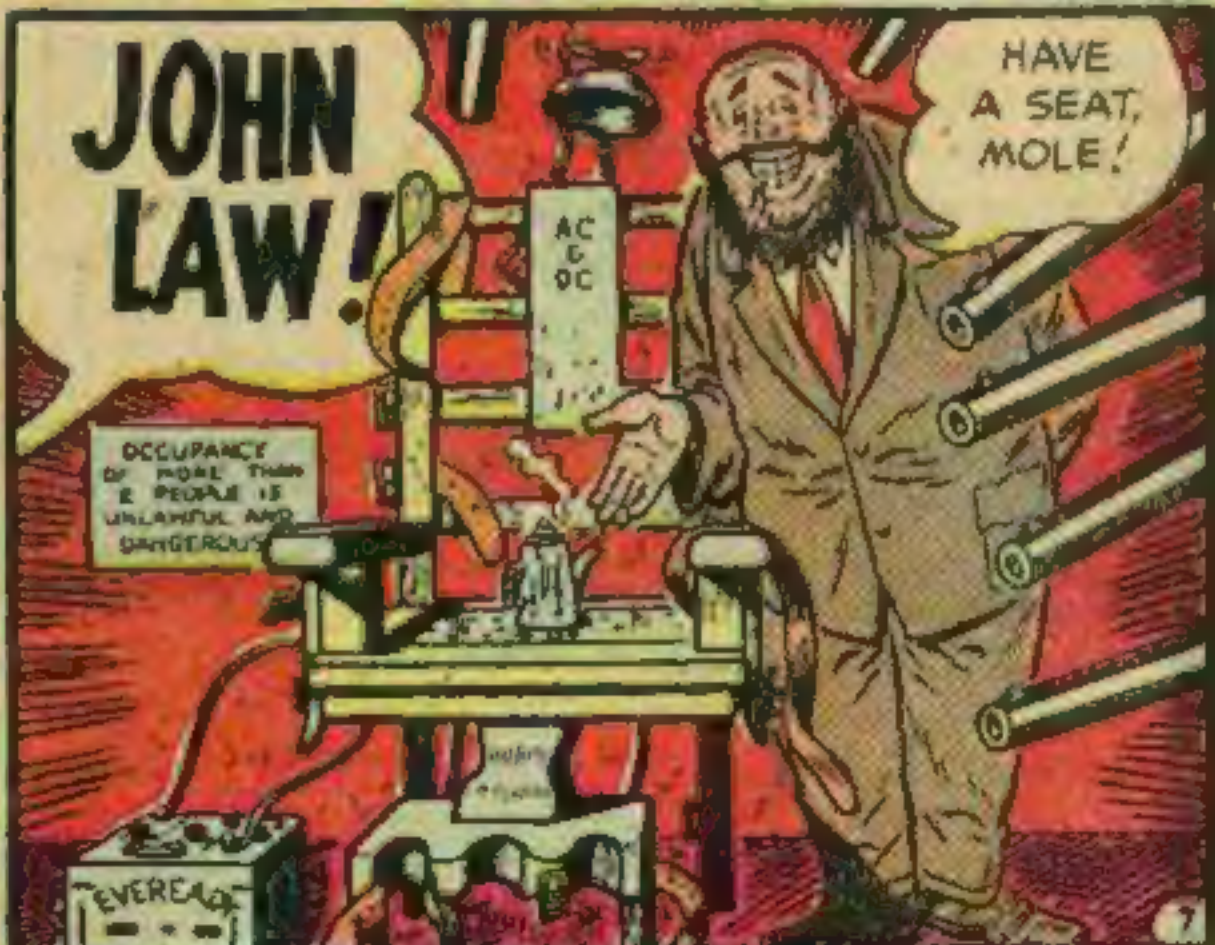
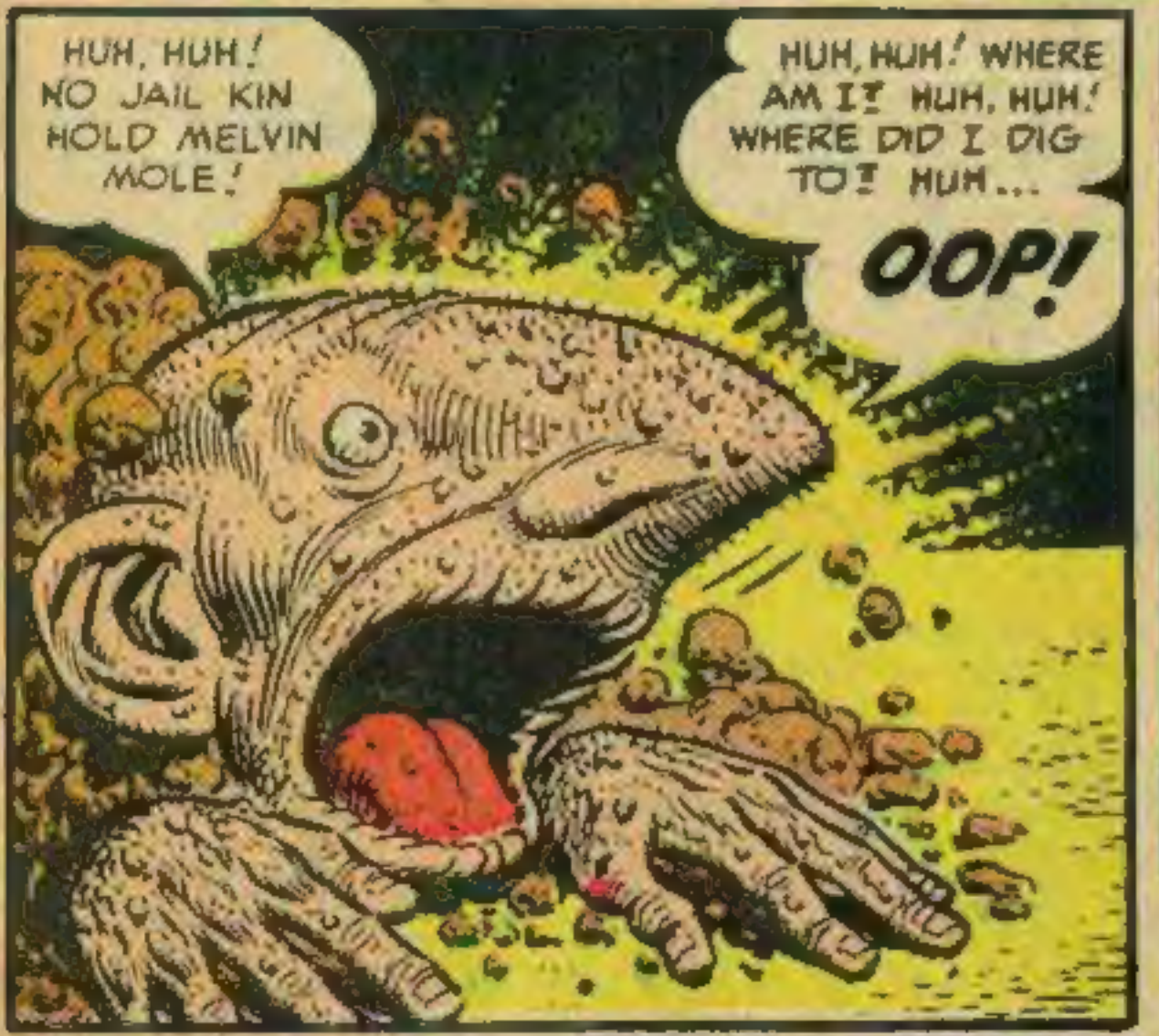
CLANG!

HUH,
HUH!
DIG, DIG,
DIG, DIG!









AND THAT'S THE STORY!...THE STORY OF MELVIN MOLE, THE FELLOW WHO DUG...THE FELLOW WHO HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

SPECIAL...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER



**ALL-IN-ONE
CIGARETTE
LIGHTER and
FULL-PACK CASE**
*Personalized with
Your Name*

**FOR MEN
AND WOMEN**

Only \$1.98
*Your Name
Engraved in
23 Karat Gold
without
Extra Cost*

**NEW!
IMPROVED!**

All-in-One Cigarette Lighter and Full-Pack Case gives you a cigarette and a light—BOTH at the same time! Smart, streamlined and modern. This wonderful convenience is compact... fits easily in your pocket or purse. No more tobacco crumbs. No more bent or damp cigarettes. Insures lasting freshness. Deep well lighter holds an amazingly large supply of fluid. Built for lifetime service of beautiful mottled plastic. Only lighter case with hinged lid. Opens with a snap of your finger. Your name engraved on case in 23 Karat gold letters. An ideal gift for men or women. Order Now.

Use 10 Days At Our Risk

Just mail name and address for trial inspection and approval. On arrival deposit \$1.98 plus 48c C.O.D. postage. Use 10 days if not delighted return for refund of purchase price. (Send \$1.98 with order. We pay postage.)

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1665 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago 47, Ill.

Please rush combination cigarette case and lighter. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus 48c C.O.D. postage on arrival. I may return in 10 days for refund of purchase price if not delighted. (Send \$1.98 with order. H. & S. Sales Co. pays postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____



BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You



**EXTRA PAY IN
ARMY, NAVY,
AIR FORCE**

If you expect to go into military service, mail coupon NOW. Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN WITH N. R. I. NOW. Mail Coupon TODAY.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home

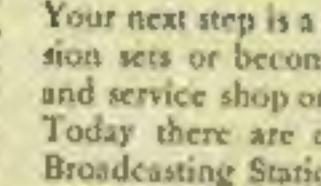
**Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications
with Many Kits of Parts You Get!**



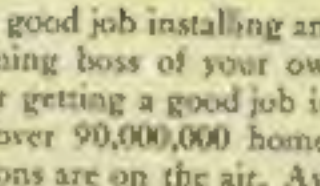
Over 140 Month Spare Time
When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop with all spare time earnings. I am clearing about \$40 to \$60 a month. Put smile in N. R. I. — J. D. KESIGHT, Denton, Texas.



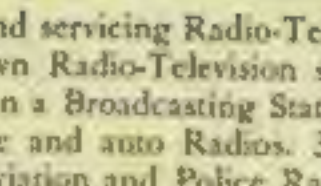
140 Week in Spare Time
After finishing your course, I started on my own. I am now clearing about \$100 a week in spare time. I have had years of successful experience and I will prove N. R. I. training. — J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.



Years of Success with Shop
I operate my own shop and have over 500 customers. My profits average about \$100 a month. Have had years of successful experience and I will prove N. R. I. training. — J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.



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YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts... speaker, tubes, chassis, transistors, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multimeter (shown right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcast transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course which parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter circuits. You conduct many interesting experiments.



Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 2MO National Radio Institute, Washington 25, D. C. — Our 39th year.

Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2MO National Radio Institute, Washington 25, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No advance will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Approved Under G. I. Bill



Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How **EASILY** You Can Have It!

*Charles
Atlas*

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man."



**SILVER CUP
GIVEN AWAY**

12" Best Given
to pupil making
greatest physical
improvement in the
next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—
and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of
powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your
friends will grow bug-eyed with
wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your
shoulders—put trip-hammer power in
both your arms—make your
legs two pillars of strength?
Then just check what you
want below. I'll prove you
can get it in just 15 minutes
a day—in your own home
—or it won't cost you a
penny!

I don't care if you are
15 or 50 years old—or
how ashamed of your
present physical con-
dition you may be. I
can give you a "barrel
chest" and a vise-like
grip. I can shoot new strength
into your old backbone, exercise
those inner organs—help you
cram your body so full of pep,
vigor and red-blooded vitality
that you won't feel there's even
"standing room" left for
weakness and that lazy
feeling. I'll wake up
t h a t
sleeping
energy of
yours and
make it
hum like
a high-
powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look differ-
ent. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's
the ticket! The identical natural
method that I myself developed to
change my body from the scrawny
skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thou-
sands of other fellows are becoming mar-
velous physical specimens—my way. I give
you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop
your strength through "Dynamic Tension"
you can laugh at the artificial muscle-
makers. You simply utilize the **DOR-
MANT** muscle-power in your own God-
given body—watch it increase
and multiply double-quick into
real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

ARE YOU

Slender, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in con-
fidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad
breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to test
or gain weight?
**WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT** is told
in my **FREE BOOK**

My method—"Dynamic Ten-
sion" will turn the trick for
you. No theory—so easy! Spend
only 15 minutes a day in your
own home. From the very
start you'll be using my meth-
od of "Dynamic Tension" al-
most unconsciously every min-
ute of the day—walking, bend-
ing over, etc.—to **BUILD THE
MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**
you want. And you'll be using
the method which many great
athletes use for keeping in con-

dition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball
and football players, etc.

FREE

Illustrated 32-
Page Book. Just
Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book,
"Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over
3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it
already.) It contains 32 pages, packed
from cover to cover with actual photo-
graphs and valuable advice. Shows what
"Dynamic Tension" has done for others,
answers many vital questions. Page by
page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fel-
low who wants a better build. Yet I'll
send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just
glancing through it
may mean the turning
point in your whole
life! Check the infor-
mation you want (in
the coupon below) and
rush it to me person-
ally. **CHARLES ATLAS,**
Dept. 164X 115 East
23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs.
and 4½ inches on
my chest, 3 inches
on my arms. I am
never consti-
pated."

—Henry Naven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs.
and increased my
chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference!
Have put 3½
inches on my chest
(normal) and 2½
inches expanded."

—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs.
When I started

your course I
weighed only 141.
Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are
wonderful. The first
week my arm in-
creased one inch.
my chest two
inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me
from a weakling
to a real he-man.
My chest has gone
up 6 inches. I am
a solid mass of
muscle."

—J. W., Montana

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(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
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- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your
famous book "Everlasting Health and
Strength"—32 pages, crammed with pho-
tographs, answers to vital health ques-
tions, and valuable advice. I understand
this book is mine to keep and sending for
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Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____